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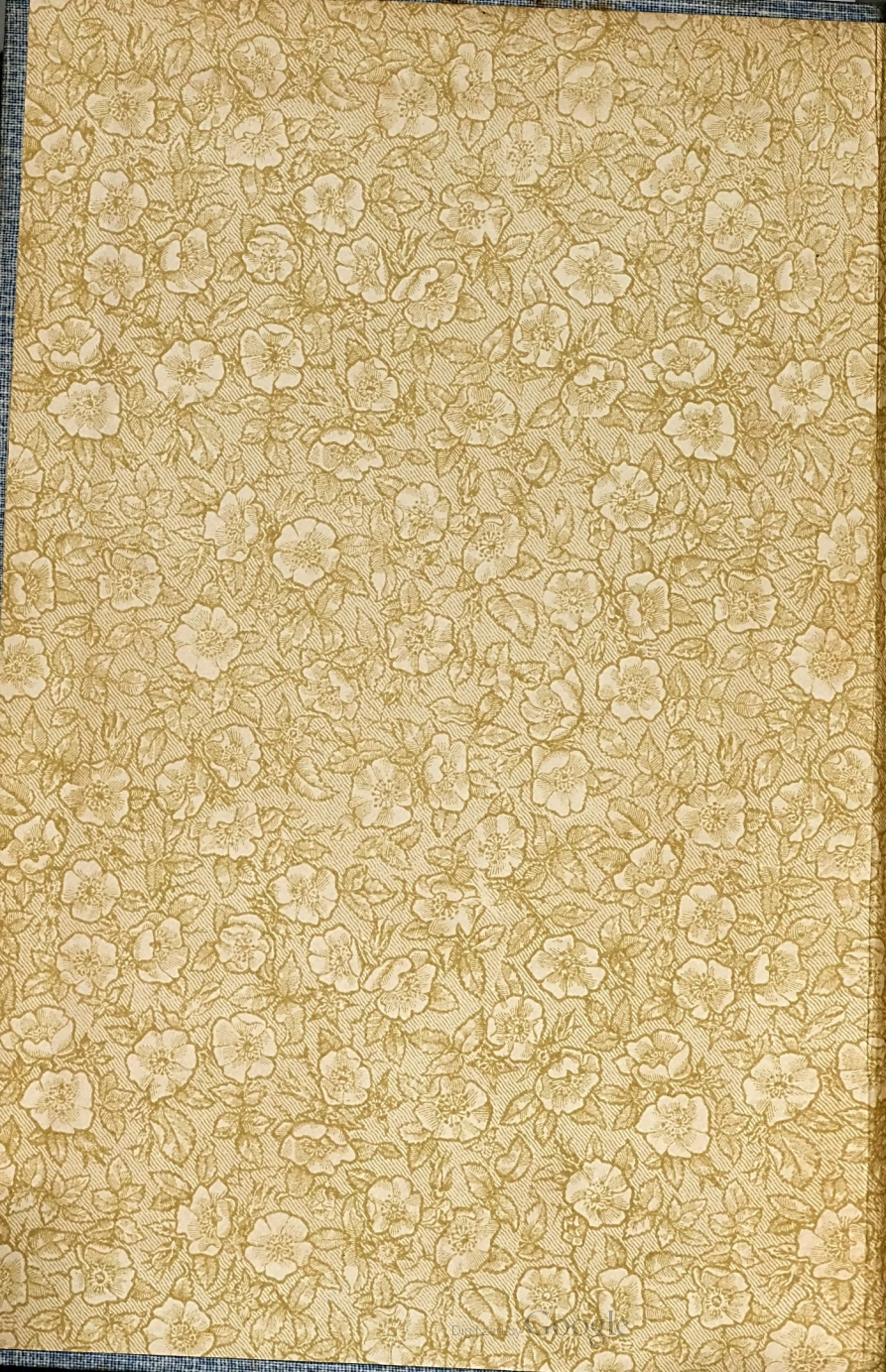


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FAMOUS FIGHTING REGIMENTS

GEORGE HOOD





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**FAMOUS
FIGHTING REGIMENTS**



THE BLACK WATCH—COLOURS AND ESCORT.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

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price of ONE SHILLING Nett.**



FAMOUS FIGHTING REGIMENTS

BY

GEORGE HOOD

LONDON:
HOOD, DOUGLAS, & HOWARD
1 FALCON COURT

ANDREW MELROSE
16 PILGRIM STREET, E.C.



PREFATORY NOTE



To the proprietors of the *English Illustrated Magazine* the thanks of the writer are due for permission to republish three of the following articles.

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FAMOUS FIGHTING REGIMENTS

THE BUFFS.

(EAST KENT REGIMENT.)

ON the colours of the Buffs you may read the great names of "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "Douro," "Talavera," "Albuhera," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Punniar," "Sevastopol," "Taku Forts," "South Africa," and "Chitral." But those names, great though they are, do not represent all that the Buffs have done for England. A hundred and thirty years ere Blenheim was fought their ancestors were upholding the cause of England and Elizabeth against the aggressions of Spain. True, their

titular masters were the States of the Netherlands, but it was because the colossal tyranny of Spain menaced England as well as the Low Countries that the gentlemen of England volunteered for the Flanders Wars.

It was in the spring of 1572, more than three hundred years ago, that the citizens of London selected, equipped, and appointed three hundred men to help the Protestant cause in Holland. As an example of the great numbers of British that in those days volunteered for service abroad, we may mention that by the year 1626 there were twenty thousand English and Scotch serving under the Prince of Orange. We may remark in passing, that in one respect the foreign service of the Scots Brigade was even more remarkable than that of the Buffs. For while the Buffs returned to England in 1665, after nearly a hundred years' service of the foreigner, the Scots Brigade remained in the service of Holland from 1572 till 1782—a period of over two hundred years! Most of that time Holland had been the ally, active or passive, of the English, and the Scots in her service had fought for England under King William and King George. But in 1782 a feeling of hostility to England gained ground

in Holland, and the States General issued an edict requiring the Scots officers to forswear their allegiance to Britain, and abolish the British colours, the British uniform, and the British word of command. Rather than comply, the Scots Brigade left the country it had helped to free and had served for two hundred years, and returned to England.

But let us go back to our Buffs. As we have seen, they were raised by the citizens of London. It is a curious mark of the continuity of tradition in the British Army, and also a convincing proof of the descent of the Buffs, that to this day they are the only regiment allowed to march through the City of London with drums beating and colours flying. This in recognition of their civic origin. It is a proof, too, of the high character of the original force that one hundred of them were gentlemen of independent means. Their first commander was Thomas Morgan, but he was succeeded, after a short time, by Sir John Norris, son of that Lady Margaret Williams who had been Queen Elizabeth's closest friend during the latter's imprisonment. So loyal to her early confidante did the Queen remain that, on the death of Sir John Norris, Her Majesty sent his mother a long letter of con-

dolence, addressed, ridiculously enough, to "My own crow" !

It would be impossible to relate in detail all the splendid deeds performed by the English Brigade in the service of Holland. The struggle for Dutch independence lasted eighty years, and in every march, siege, or battle of the eighty years the ancestors of the Buffs covered themselves with glory. Had they done less it would be easier to quote it ; but their glory confounds itself in its own excess. Take one year as a sample of them all. In one year—1597—the forefathers of the Buffs captured nine important strongholds, — Rhineberg, Meurs, Groll, Breevort, Enschede, Oldenzael, Ootmarsum, and Lingen. At St. John's their leader, Black Norris, fights the champion of Spain in presence of the two armies. At the relief of Rhineberg, in 1589, four hundred of them defeat a Spanish army of fourteen thousand men ! All Europe watched their defence of Ostend in 1601. The Archduke Albert had made immense preparations for the capture of the town, and it was known that the English, under Sir Francis Vere, would defend it to the death. The Spaniards sent no less than thirty-five thousand shot against it. The

rotten houses began to crumble under the terrific cannonade. And then the English resorted to a device which curiously recalls the means of defence adopted only the other day at Ladysmith and Kimberley. "There was a plot of ground in the town, commonly used for a market-place," says Sir Francis Vere in his quaint old history of the siege; "here they did earth themselves, digging it hollow, and fitting themselves with cabins and lodgings in the ground. The like they did by another void piece of ground on the south-west whereby they thought themselves secure from the enemies' batteries, so did they sufficiently testify their own resolution rather to interre themselves in the graves which they had digged than to quit their possession of the place unto the enemy." But the crowning glory of the English Brigade was their conduct at the battle of Zutphen. Motley tells the story. Five hundred Englishmen found themselves face to face "with a compact body of three thousand men. There was but brief time for deliberation; notwithstanding the tremendous odds, there was no thought of retreat. Black Norris called to Sir William Stanley, with whom he had lately been at variance: 'There hath been ill-blood

between us; let us be friends together this day, and die side by side if need be, for Her Majesty's cause.' 'If you see me not serve my prince with faithful courage now,' replied Stanley, 'account me for ever a coward. Living or dying, I will stand or lie by you in friendship.' As they were speaking these words the young Earl of Essex, General of the Horse, cried to his handful of troopers: 'Follow me, good fellows, for the honour of England and England's Queen.' . . . Again and again the Spanish horsemen wavered and broke before the handful of English. Sir Philip Sidney in the last charge rode quite through the enemy's ranks, till he came upon their entrenchment, when a musket-ball from the camp struck him upon the thigh, three inches above the knee. . . . He turned reluctantly away, and rode a mile and a half back to the entrenchments, suffering extreme pain, for his leg was dreadfully shattered. As he passed along the edge of the battlefield his attendants brought him a bottle of water to quench his raging thirst. At that moment a wounded English soldier looked up wistfully in his face, when Sidney instantly handed him the flask, exclaiming: 'Drink; thy necessity is more than mine.' James

of Scotland was so struck with admiration of Sidney's conduct that he composed a Latin poem in his honour.

After their return to England, in 1665, "the Holland Regiment," as the Buffs were then called, were not long wanting employment. They were in Virginia in 1675, helping to lay the foundations of the great American Republic. Three years later they were in Holland again, and fought in the great battle of St. Denis. And then came the English Revolution which placed King William on the throne. He gave his "Protestant boys" plenty of work to do. The Buffs lost so heavily at Steenkirk and Landen that the King ordered them into garrison at Malines, and sent several officers to England to procure fresh recruits. Eleven years later they routed the right wing of the Gallo-Bavarian Army at Blenheim. They were in the thick of the fight at Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. At Ramillies, Churchill of the Buffs, the nephew of the Great Duke, drove three French regiments into a morass, where most of them were either killed or taken prisoners. At Malplaquet the Duke of Argyll, then commanding the Buffs, threw open his coat and waistcoat in the middle of the fight: "Look, lads," he cried, "I have no more

armour than you have : let us forward together." Their history for the next sixty years is the military history of the British Empire. Dettingen and Fontenoy, Marie Gallante, and Guadaloupe, Belle-Isle, Eutaw Springs, the Waal, Nimeguen, Sombreuil—wherever England was fighting there were the Buffs. They captured Grenada, St. Vincent, Trinidad, St. Bartholomew, St. Martin, St. Thomas, Santa Cruz, Saba, and St. Eustatia. They were with Moore at Corunna. And then with Wellington came the full summer of their glory: In 1809 Wellesley wished to cross the Douro, that he might be in a position to drive the French from the city of Oporto. But the stream was very deep and very rapid : it was over three hundred yards broad ; and ten thousand French veterans were drawn up on the farther shore. It seemed impossible to cross such a river in the teeth of such a force. But the Buffs did it. The story reads like a romance.

First of all, a Portuguese barber stole over from the other side of the river in a skiff. Then Colonel Waters, accompanied by the trusty barber and the prior of Amarante, crossed the stream and succeeded in cutting out three large barges unobserved by the enemy. An officer of the Buffs



THE BUFFS.

and twenty-five of his men crossed stealthily in the first of these barges, and seized a large unfinished building, the enclosing walls of which ran down to the water on either side. This was important; even if the enemy now got wind of the secret movement, they could not attack the actual landing-place, since it was protected by these walls. Two other small companies of the Buffs stole over, when suddenly the roll and rattle of drums was heard from the streets of Oporto, and the French were upon them, horse and foot and artillery! But in spite of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, the handful of Buffs—less than a hundred all—held the building that protected the landing-place till the British Army crossed and drove the French helter-skelter out of Oporto. And so the tale goes on, gathering in glory at every step. At Talavera they lost one hundred and fifty of their men. But that was nothing to their loss at Albuhera, which was nearly seven hundred. They were charging with the bayonet when four regiments of Polish Lancers, which had crept round them in the mist, broke upon them from the rear, causing a terrific slaughter. The staff of the colours borne by Ensign Walsh was broken by a cannon-ball,

and the lad himself was severely wounded. With the little strength that was left him he tore the colour from the staff, and hid it in his shattered breast. There it was found when the battle was over. The regiment was nearly annihilated—but the French were driven back. By the end of the Peninsular campaign the *personnel* of the Buffs must have been entirely changed,—they had lost so heavily ; there could be few at Toulouse that had fought at Talavera. They were at Busaco, Torres Kedras, and Vittoria ; they fought their way across the Pyrenees ; they were at Nivelle, Nive, Orthes, and Aire. They missed Waterloo : they were then in Canada, fighting the Americans. And they arrived too late in the Crimea for Alma, Balaclava, and Inkerman. But they were “in at the death” in the assault on the Redan. Half the covering party consisted of a hundred of the Buffs under Captain Lewis ; one hundred and sixty of the stormers were Buffs under Captain Maude. As they advanced across the slope they were laid low in swathes by the Russian fire, but they fought their way up and in. But reinforcements did not come up as expected, and they had to retire. Of all the survivors, it was Private Connors of the East Kent

who had penetrated the farthest into the Redan. For he won the V.C. for endeavouring to save a wounded officer of the 30th,—in doing so, Connors stabbed one Russian and shot another,—and the body of this officer was afterwards found lying at the extreme limit of the British dead.

Since then the Buffs have served in China, Egypt and Zululand; and as I wrote these words they were beating back Boer reinforcements desperately trying to relieve Cronje. In this morning's paper you might have read: "The Buffs have captured eighty of the enemy." They are still at the great old game.

THE NORFOLK REGIMENT.

(NINTH FOOT.)

"ONE of the oldest and finest regiments of the British Army." So said a military reviewer once, speaking of the Norfolks, and those who peruse their record will feel that in speaking as he did he was making no idle claim. The regiment was raised by loyal Englishmen to support the cause of King James the Second against the treacherous attempt of his nephew, Monmouth. But when James forfeited the allegiance of his subjects by his tyranny, the Norfolks entered the service of the "Dutch Deliverer," William of Orange. They fought against James at Londonderry and the Boyne, at Molhill, Ballymore, Athlone, Aghrim, Galway, and Limerick. Although they had not the good luck to be with Marlborough in the Flanders Wars, yet they left their mark in the Low Countries; they were in leaguer at Kayserwerth,

Venloo, Ruremonde, and Stevenswart; they were at the siege and capture of Limburg and of Huy. Then they took the route for Portugal, under Galway and Peterborough. Thrice the regiment was brought to the verge of annihilation by the treachery and cowardice of its Portuguese allies. In Castel-de-Vide in 1704 the Duke of Berwick, a natural son of the exiled English King, thought that the overwhelming numbers of his French would soon sweep away the feeble battlements. But the Portuguese, encouraged by the officers of the 9th, which constituted the sole garrison, determined to resist. At last, when the heavy batteries of the French had made great breaches in the walls, the Governor lost heart and wished to surrender the city to the enemy. The 9th demanded his permission to retire from the town to the castle, that they might defend that at least to the last extremity. But the Duke of Berwick, renegade though he was, knew the spirit of his countrymen too well; he knew that if the Norfolks once got into the castle he could never get them out again. So he threatened to lay the town in ruins if the Portuguese Governor should allow the British to obtain possession of the inner citadel. Whereupon

Colonel Hussey of the 9th marched his regiment against the castle of his own weak-spirited allies, and demanded instant admittance. The Governor (taking care to keep safe inside) refused permission, and ordered all the gunpowder necessary to defend the place to be thrown down a well; meanwhile the Portuguese treacherously opened the gates of the town to the French, and the 9th were overwhelmed from behind. According to the Duke of Berwick, "the English Colonel swore and stormed furiously." But the disaster did little to damp the spirits of the 9th, as is shown by the list of battles that they fought in the next three years. They were exchanged at once, and at once sent against the enemy. They fought at Valencia de Alcantara, Albuquerque, Badajoz, Ciudad Rodrigo, Villena, Almanza, and Tarragona. That was not the last that Ciudad and Badajoz were to see of them: they were to be there again with Wellington in 1812.

In 1761 the Norfolks were with the expedition which took Belle-Isle from the French; in '62 they helped to take Havana from the Spaniards,—they were there "when the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum." Two years later Britain gave

Havana back to Spain in exchange for Florida ; thus the 9th helped to gain for our American cousins one of the fairest States in their possession. When the war with the United States broke out the Norfolks were despatched to the field of action, and at Fort Anne, on the 8th of July 1777, they repulsed an American force which outnumbered them by six to one. Three other regiments had been sent to their assistance, but two failed to reach them owing to the terrible condition of the roads. The Yankees tried to carry the position by a frontal attack, but were hurled back by the deadly fire of the defenders. Then they endeavoured to turn the British flanks, a manœuvre likely to be only too successful because of their overwhelming superiority in numbers. Colonel Hill determined to meet this new move of the enemy by altering the formation of his scanty force in the very height of the action. Owing to the splendid steadiness and valour of his men the tactical evolution was attended with complete success. After a fierce attack, lasting for three hours, the Americans were routed utterly.

But it was in the Peninsula that the Norfolks gained their chief fame. Of the sixteen great

names on their colours, no less than nine were gained under Wellington or Moore. They are "Roleia," "Vimiera," "Corunna," "Busaco," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "St. Sebastian," "Nive," and "Peninsula." The bravery of the Norfolks at Roleia was the talk of the whole army. The French, under Laborde, had occupied a strong position from which Wellington meant to shift them without delay. On the morning of the 17th of August 1808 he moved his army from Obidos in three columns of battles. The 9th were in the central column with Brigadier Nightingale. The enemy's centre lay on a series of rocky heights; towering up scarp after scarp, and the only way of getting at these heights was by a few narrow and winding pathways swept by the Frenchmen's fire. With the usual blind courage of the English the 9th disdained to work their way cautiously forward: they hurled themselves right up the mountain. As Napier puts it finely, blaming and admiring in the same phrase: "They were guilty of a fierce neglect of orders in taking a path leading immediately to the enemy." As they swarmed up the mountain, driving back the French with a fierce musketry fire, they had two armies as witnesses

of their valour ; for the smoke of their firing, rising beautifully in the clear morning air, marked their progress step by step, and rock after rock, along the great hillside. In fact, the 9th and the 29th had advanced with such impetuosity that they were far in advance of the other regiments of the central column. Seeing this, Laborde determined to crush them by throwing half an army against them ere the others could come to their support. The 29th were slowly forced downward from the summit in a fierce hand-to-hand combat with overwhelming numbers, but, re-forming with the 9th, they were at it and won it again ! And there they held grimly on in spite of Laborde's repeated efforts to dislodge them. When the 5th came to their assistance, and the flanking columns began to tell upon the French, Laborde saw that the game was up : he fell back, and the field of Roleia was won.

The 9th were at Vimiera and Corunna,—it was they who dug the grave of Sir John Moore ; they fought at Busaco, Barrossa, and Fuentes d'Onor. At Barrossa our Spanish allies were cut off from us owing to their own slovenly and careless tactics ; and the 9th and the 82nd were left by the Spanish retreat in a position of extreme peril. They fought

their way to the plain, faced round back to back, and took on single-handed the whole of Ruffin's Brigade. They were nearly annihilated by the time that Brigadier Dilkes brought a column to their aid, but the survivors, forming up with the advancing British soldiers, stormed the French heights above. There a deadly battle was fought which remained long in equipoise, inclining neither this way nor that, but at last the French were swept from the hills. "A French eagle, six pieces of cannon, two general officers, and many captured soldiers were the trophies of this brilliant victory."

The 9th were at Sabugal, Ciudad, and Badajoz ; and at Salamanca they charged with such impetuosity that they were a quarter of a mile in front of the other infantry regiments. At that moment Wellington saw that a post in front must be held at once ; one of the chief's aides-de-camp galloped up, crying : "Ninth, you are the only regiment ready and formed ;—advance !" They swept forward at the word and carried the position at the point of the bayonet. At one of the sieges of San Sebastian a forlorn hope of Norfolk men was led against the breach by one of their own officers, a young Scotsman of the name of Campbell. He was desperately

wounded, being run through with a bayonet and slashed with a sabre. But he escaped to be Lord Clyde and Field-Marshal of England.

The Norfolks were present at every battle with the French, except Waterloo ; they were then fighting the Yankees in Canada. And since then, at Moodkee, Ferozeshah, Sobraon, Sevastopol, Kabul, and in Afghanistan, they have worthily upheld the proud traditions of two hundred years.

“THE DEATH OR GLORY BOYS.”

THE 17th Lancers may be proud to think that the raising of their regiment is owing to a wish expressed by General Wolfe as he lay dying on the field of Quebec. It shows the gentleness and kindliness of the great soldier that even in his extremity he thought of a friend to whom he wished to do a service. It was the privilege of the aide-de-camp to carry home the despatches announcing the victory, “but,” said Wolfe, “I beg as a favour that my old friend, Colonel Hale, may have that honour.” It meant a great deal to Hale. For when he arrived in London with the good news, King George gave him five hundred pounds as a present, and also permission to raise a regiment of Light Horse for His Majesty’s service. And that’s how the 17th Lancers began. Their soubriquet of “Death or Glory Boys” is derived from the fact that on the front of their caps was a death’s

head and crossbones, and below that the motto, "Or Glory."

It was in the American War of Independence that the 17th first gained renown. At Cowpens one of their officers, Cornet Patterson, was within an ace of killing Washington himself. He was just on the point of running the great General through when a member of the American staff shot him dead. An officer of humbler rank has left a name of imperishable glory. Messages had to be carried through a country swarming with enemies. Corporal Dennis O'Lavery of the 17th Lancers was at last sent out;—if O'Lavery couldn't do it, nobody could. His companion was shot in a desperate skirmish in the dark, but the two Britons broke through and rode onward in the night. The blood was streaming from a terrible wound in O'Lavery's groin. His comrade died in the saddle where he rode, and the Irishman was now alone. But he clenched his teeth and galloped on and on, till at last he too reeled and fell senseless to the ground. Recovering a little, he crawled forward for hours, his one thought the delivery of the message. At last he was forced to rest in a deserted house by the wayside. There

he was found by the enemy: they searched his clothes, but all in vain; they could not find the important paper which he carried. They left him, and all through the night O'Lavery lay dying in the lonely house. Slowly the grey dawn crept into the hut; footsteps drew near, and the dying soldier raised his head to listen. They entered; they were friends! O'Lavery could not speak, but even as he died he pointed meaningly to the great gash in his thigh. There, embedded in the wound, and soaked red with his life-blood, was his General's message. He had rammed it in deep, and killed himself in so doing, rather than betray his trust.

The service of the "Death-or-Glories" has not been confined to North America: they have fought in the four quarters of the world. Grenada, Jamaica, and St. Domingo have known them; Monte Video and Buenos Ayres. They missed the great days of the Peninsula and Waterloo; but they weren't idle the while. They were in India, capturing Anjar and Dwarka, and breaking the Pindari power. Then for a while they had a rest in England. And then came their great day. For the "Death or Glory Boys" were foremost in

the charge of the Light Brigade. They formed the fourth part of the immortal Six Hundred. Just ere the charge was sounded the regiment was thrilled by a spectacle at once heroic and grotesque. The regimental butcher, Jack Veigh, had been slaughtering sheep in the shambles at the rear ; had he cared to do so he could easily have avoided the terrible ride through the Valley of Death. But at the rumour of battle in the air he flung aside his steel and his chopping-knife. He galloped to his place in the line, still wearing his white butcher's-smock, all bespattered with blood from the shambles. It was redder when he rode back. He was smoking a short black pipe when he joined his comrades, and when he came back—one of the few—his pipe was still alight ! But the blood of six slaughtered Russians had left its mark on the white sleeve of his sword arm. "Butcher Jack" had justified his name.

It was all a mistake, the charge—it was the redoubt on the Causeway Heights that Lord Raglan meant to be attacked, and not the embattled Russians at the far end of the valley. Lord Cardigan knew what a desperate deed it was to lead his men into that belching hell, but though he despaired of

his own life he never despaired of his men. "Here goes for the last of the Cardigans," he said, and gave the order to charge.

From three sides, from left and right and front, the Russians raked the swift-coming warriors with a constant hail of shot and shell. Hundreds fell, but the survivors galloped on, trampling their own wounded. There was a private in the "Death-or-Glories" called James Melrose, a book-lover and an ardent admirer of Shakespeare. As he rode he remembered the great scene in *Henry the Fifth*, where the King rebukes his cousin, Westmoreland, for wishing—

"Oh, that we now had here,
But one ten thousand of these men in England
That do no work to-day!"

In the glory of the great ride Melrose raised his voice and cried: "What man here would ask another man from England?" The next instant he fell, riddled like a sieve. But nothing could stop the onset. Through the Russians, and through them again, rode the Brigade. The Russian General, Leprandi, would not believe that mortal men could do such a deed unless they were drugged to it;—he said that "those English devils must have been

maddened by drink." "Sorra a sup," said his Irish prisoner; "*we did it because we could.*"

Of the hundred and forty Lancers who rode to the charge, only thirty-four answered to their names when the roll was called. In twenty-five minutes they had lost one hundred and six men, or more than four a minute. That means a loss of 76 per cent. ! There is nothing like it in the annals of war.

Mr. D. H. Parry, in his excellent book on the 17th Lancers, tells some interesting stories of the famous charge. Captain Morris, who led the "Death-or-Glories," was desperately mangled and taken prisoner,—"he had three deep wounds in the head, a fractured right arm, and some broken ribs,"—but he escaped amid the thick cannon smoke, caught a riderless horse by the rein, and after being dragged some distance fell helpless in a swoon. Recovering, he caught another horse, and with great difficulty succeeded in getting into the saddle, but the horse was shot by the terrible cross-fire, and fell to the earth, crushing the helpless rider beneath him. Morris succeeded in working himself clear of the incumbent weight, and staggered on through the battle-fumes, till he suddenly tripped on one

of the many dead bodies lying across his path. Looking down he was horrified to see the corpse of his friend Nolan, the man who brought the fatal order, the first man to fall in the charge! Morris fell exhausted by his side. And mark the strange coincidence, Nolan and Morris had exchanged letters before the fight, so that if one of them should escape he might send tidings of the other to his friends. And now, as they lay side by side, the one dead, the other terribly wounded, "Nolan's uniform contained a message to Morris's wife, and in Morris's pocket was a letter to Nolan's widowed mother!"

In the Mutiny the force to which the 17th was attached pursued the wily Tantia Topee for nine long months, and covered a distance of no less than three thousand miles. One of their lieutenants at that time was a young fellow, Evelyn Wood by name, who is now one of the best known Generals in the British Army. He had fought as a midshipman in Peel's Naval Brigade in the Crimean War, and had been recommended for the Victoria Cross for his bravery under fire. For some reason or other the Cross was not granted. But Wood was not the man to be done out of it,

if valour could avail to earn it. As a lieutenant of the 17th at Sindwaho he, though absolutely alone at first, charged down upon a rebel square which he saw in the act of forming. He was promptly seconded, and the result of his decisive action was that the enemy were routed with a loss of five hundred men. Later in the campaign, Wood, with only eleven followers, rode on in the darkness after a large body of Mutineers who had captured one of our loyal Indians. At last a glimmer of light was seen ahead, and Wood, *with only two followers*, crept forward through the jungle. He came upon a nullah in which seventy of the enemy were sleeping. Without a moment's hesitation he fired and leapt into the nullah, so scaring the rebels that they fled, leaving their prisoner behind them. For these two actions Lieutenant Wood was granted the Victoria Cross.

THE BLACK WATCH.

THE origin of the Black Watch can be traced back to the year 1729, when the Government resolved that a force of loyal Highlanders should be raised to keep the peace north of the Grampians. Ten years later George II., then on the point of war with Spain, determined to raise four additional companies and incorporate them with the six of the Black Watch, the whole to form a regiment of the line under the colonelcy of the Earl of Crawford. The very air of the old romantic world of the Highlands seems to be around us as we read the names of the officers in 1729—"Campbell of Lochnell and Grant of Ballindalloch; Campbell of Finab, Campbell of Carrick, and George Munro of Culcairn." You hear the same Highland ring in the names of all officers for the next seventy or eighty years; there is not a name there but has something better than itself behind it. A poor

subaltern is always "the younger of that ilk"; he is the "son of Glenfalloch," the "son of Barcaldine." Indeed, many even of the privates were men of birth and good social position, as this true story proves. George II. having expressed a wish to see the sword-play of these famous Highlanders, two of their number, Gregor Macgregor, afterwards Laird of Inverardine, and John Campbell, a son of auld Duneaves, went to St. James's Palace and had a bit bout together in the presence of His Majesty. And for that they were offered a guinea a-piece, as if they had been common show-folk! Here was an affront to Highland gentlemen. Yet how should they mark their sense of it? As they strode out (their heads were high, I'll warrant ye) they tossed the gold to the Sassenach flunkies, crying, "H'ae, you wi' the buttons; here's a plack till 'ee!"

In 1743 the Black Watch was inveigled into England on false pretences: they were to be sent abroad, although they had been enlisted to serve north of the Highland line. To hoodwink them it was given out that they were marching up to London; the King, it appeared, was anxious to see what a Highland regiment was really like.

When the deception was discovered the Highlanders were furious, and, assembling secretly by night on a common near Highgate, they set out to return to Scotland. It was not active service they disliked, for they had all been warriors from the cradle. But they were maddened by the gross trick played on them by the authorities (the War Office is always a bungler), and also by the suspicion (engendered amongst them by Jacobite agents) that they were to be sent to the unhealthiest parts of the West Indies. They appointed three of their number, Corporals Malcolm and Samuel Macpherson and Private Farquhar Shaw, to be their leaders. Shaw was a gentleman by birth, and "a perfect swordsman, deadly alike with the musket and the pistol. His strength was such that he had been known to twist a horseshoe and to drive his *skene dhu* up to the hilt in a pine-log; whilst his activity and power of enduring heat, thirst, fatigue, hunger, and cold became a proverb among the companies of the Black Watch." Under his leadership the Highlanders actually got as far as Oundle in Northamptonshire, where they were surrounded by an overwhelming number of cavalry. They took up a strong position in Lady-wood, and swore that

they would fight to the death unless they were granted a free pardon. After a long parley they surrendered to General Blakeney, and were escorted back to London, where the two Macphersons and Shaw were shot for insubordination. That these men were hardly used, and that their comrades regarded them as martyrs, is shown by the fact that Lord John Murray, son of the Duke of Athole, and Colonel of the regiment, had portraits of them hung in his dining-room.

Fontenoy was the first great battle of the Black Watch. Munro of Foulis was their Colonel. He asked the Duke of Cumberland that the Highlanders might be allowed to fight in their own fashion. The permission was granted. "Down lads!" he cried, when he saw the French ready to fire, and the whole regiment clapped close to the earth, the bullets whistling harmlessly above them. Sir Robert himself, being a man of gigantic bulk and therefore unable to take cover as nimbly as his men, stood aloft in the pattering hail of lead, holding on high the colours of the regiment. Then the Highlanders sprang to their feet, dashed forward, and poured in a terrible volley ere the French could reload their muskets. "These tactics they repeated

several times on the same day, to the surprise of the whole army." Had it not been for the failure of our Dutch allies we should have carried the day ; as it was, it was not till Marshal Saxe brought up the Irish Brigade of France that we slowly retreated from the field. The 42nd helped to keep the French at bay. Campbell of Carrick and Campbell of Craignish went down ; nearly a hundred and fifty of their number had been killed or wounded ; but they repeatedly faced round and hurled back the pursuing Frenchmen. Owing to the exertions of the covering regiments, the British Army reached the town of Aeth in perfect safety.

Since that time the *Am Freiceadan Dubh* have never missed a war in which Britain was engaged. Their "honours" are "Egypt" (with the Sphinx for a badge), "Corunna," "Fuentes d'Onor," "Pyrenees," "Orthes," "Nivelle," "Nive," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Sevastopol," "Lucknow," "Ashantee," "Egypt" (once more), "Tel-el-Kebir," "Nile," and "Kirbekan." And ere this year is out you may be sure that "South Africa" will glitter on their colours along with the other great names of war. Of their conduct at Ticonderoga an officer of the 55th wrote: "It

is with a mixture of esteem, grief, and envy I consider the great loss and immortal glory won by the Scots Highlanders in the late bloody affair." The French were posted behind strong entrenchments, with ditches in front and barricades of trees and branches on the far side, from behind which they sent blasts of lead at the advancing Highlanders. "In spite of this," says a historian, "the Scots hewed their way through the obstacles with their broadswords, and—no ladders having been provided—made strenuous efforts to carry the breastwork, partly by mounting on each other's shoulders, and partly by placing their feet in holes which they dug with their swords and bayonets in the face of the works. After a desperate struggle, which lasted nearly four hours, General Abercromby, seeing no possible chance of success, ordered a retreat—*an order which had to be thrice repeated before the Highlanders would withdraw from the unequal contest!*"

The Watch was in at the death of the French power in Canada, thrashed the Dons at the Moro, and fought the Yankees all through the war with the United States. The regiment had only been four years home when, in 1793, it again got the

signal to be ready for the French wars. It was at Gueldermalsen, in the Low Countries, that the 42nd won the "Red Heckle,"—the red vulture-plume which distinguishes them from all other regiments. The Highlanders and some other regiments were lying in the village when a body of French cavalry dashed through the picquets, seized upon two guns posted in the outskirts, and began to carry them off. They would have succeeded in this had it not been for Major Dalrymple of the 42nd. He and his Highlanders, though foot soldiers, charged and routed the French cavalry, and brought back the guns in triumph to the village. That is how the "Red Heckle" was won.

Alexandria was one of the most brilliant battles even in the annals of the Black Watch. In the gloom of the morning (the British stood silently to arms beneath the glimmer of the great stars) a demi-brigade of French Grenadiers, whose valour had won them the proud title of "The Invincibles," pushed their way between the wings of the 42nd, which were two hundred paces apart. The Frenchmen had a 6-pounder gun to add to their crushing superiority in numbers. When the enemy were discovered in their midst a wild yell of rage rose

from the Highland ranks. The right wing swept forward on the French front, broke it in like an egg-shell, and captured the 6-pounder. The left wing, which had been facing the other way, wheeled like lightning, and, answering their comrades on the far side with the slogan, drove with the claymore at the French rear. Caught in this Highland grip, "The Invincibles" thought to save themselves by making a rush for shelter in the ruined palace. Swift as a hound at a hare the Kilties went after them. Just as the French fellows were entering the ruins two companies of the 58th caught them with the bayonet. Thus brought to bay, "The Invincibles" fought with the courage of despair, but the one regiment and two companies of the British hewed down no less than seven hundred of their number, and forced them at last to yield. It might be thought that that was enough work for any one regiment in any one day. But out came the Highlanders—panting, sweating, bleeding—and looking for another job. A strong column of French infantry was advancing rapidly, and had to be checked at once. Moore sent the Highlanders at them, just as they were. Sir Ralph Abercromby himself yelled them on. They broke the French

column into fragments, and drove it flying to the plain beyond. At that moment General Moore saw three squadrons of French cavalry getting ready to charge out through the gaps in their own retreating infantry, and he ordered the Highlanders back to their original position. Amid the roar of the fight the order was only heard by the nearest companies; the others went on slaughtering the flying enemy—when suddenly the French cavalry dashed on them like a thunderbolt. The impact was so terrific that the Highlanders, already separated in the pursuit, were split into twos and threes. Even so they rallied, stood back to back, raised the gathering slogan, and after a desperate conflict routed the finest cavalry of France. In that one day the *Am Freiceadan Dubh* won three victories against overwhelming odds.

But they need a book to themselves, these Highlanders. They were at Corunna with Moore; he turned to them and cried, "Highlanders, remember Egypt!"—and at that moment, according to an eerie tradition, the men from the lonely sheilings saw around his beloved form the shadowy shroud that foretold his doom. North, south, east, and west, the Peninsula knows them. At

Toulouse, Pack, who commanded the Brigade, was seen galloping back from General Clinton's quarters. He halted, and the Brigade waited for the word. It came. "General Clinton has been pleased to grant my request that the 42nd shall have the honour of leading the attack. The 42nd will advance!" That was enough. They carried the French position, in the teeth of a fire so terrible that out of five hundred men who went into action "scarcely ninety reached the fatal redoubt from which the enemy had fled." At Quatre Bras the French Lancers rode them down before they could form square, and then the Highlanders coolly formed square and took all the Frenchmen prisoners. The enemy got in—but they never got out again! In the two days' fighting at Waterloo the loss of the Black Watch alone was no less than three hundred men. At Alma Sir Colin Campbell cried: "Men, the army is watching us. Make me proud of my Highland Brigade." They made him proud of them. Kinglake tells the story. "Smoothly, easily, and swiftly the Black Watch seemed to glide up the hill. A few instants before and their tartans ranged dark in the valley; now their plumes were on the crest." The Russians could not stay their

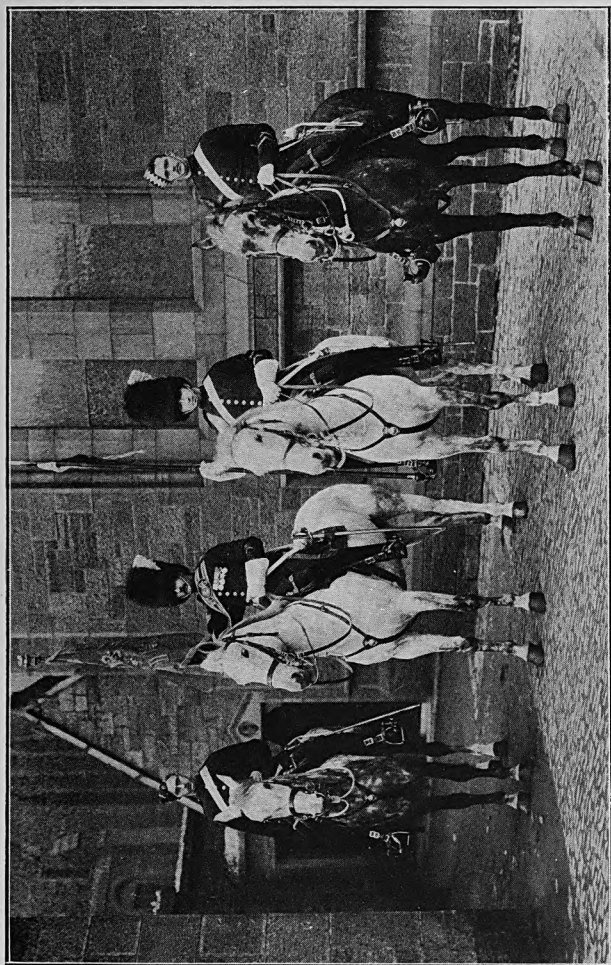
coming; as they confessed themselves, "they did not like those men in ze petticoats." The 42nd fought their way into Lucknow, went to Ashantee with Wolseley, to Tel-el-Kebir with Alison, to Suakim with Gerald Graham, and fought the battle of Kirbekan in a desperate effort to relieve their countryman, General Gordon. Their Colonel, a Lothian man called Wauchope, was terribly wounded, but he recovered to fall at the head of the Highland Brigade in the awful sacrifice of Magersfontein. Meanwhile, in 1881, the old 73rd was added to the Black Watch as the 2nd battalion. In receiving the 73rd the Black Watch was only getting back its own, for the 73rd had been formed out of its 2nd battalion in 1786. The 2nd battalion brought to the colours the great names of "Seringapatam" and "Mangalore." Mangalore was one of the finest sieges in all history. Assaulting the place were ninety thousand men under Tippoo, forty pieces of cannon, and three corps of European infantry. Defending it there were only two hundred and fifty of the Black Watch and fifteen hundred Sepoys. And they held it—how long, do you think, against such a host?—a week, a fortnight? They held it for nine months. Baden-Powell would

have liked to be there,—it was the kind of siege that he likes. As we write, the Black Watch are hot on the track of Krüger and Steyn—but they haven't yet finished with the Boers. They will help to “finish” them, however. For they are the Black Watch, and Hector Macdonald is their Brigadier.

SECOND DRAGOONS

(ROYAL SCOTS GREYS)

IN the year 1678 three troops of Dragoons were added to the regular army for the purpose of hunting down the Presbyterians who were upholding the banner of the Covenant in the Scottish Lowlands. The command of the first troop was given to General Dalziel, a fierce old villain who had served for a long time in the Russian Army. The Russian, at that time, was the most inhuman army in Europe, and Dalziel's temper had become positively Cossack in ferocity during his residence in the camp of the Czars. In reference to this a Scots Covenanter, whom he was maltreating, broke out and called him "a Muscúvy brute." Dalziel's answer was a terrible blow, with the hilt of his sword, on the mouth of the bound and defenceless man. The captain of the third troop was Francis Stuart, formerly a gentleman-private in the Life



SCOTS GREYS—TYPES OF DRESS.

Guards, and a third cousin of King Charles the Second. Stuart was the original from which Scott drew the character of Bothwell, the wild trooper and intrepid swordsman of *Old Mortality*. Under the command of Claverhouse the Dragoons scoured the valleys and hills of the Lowlands, harrying the Covenanters, and taking part in general engagements at Drumclog, Bothwell Bridge, and Rullion Green. But, like "Kirke's Lambs," they were destined to wipe out their discreditable origin by one of the finest military records in British history.

It was Marlborough who first gave them their opportunity. At Blenheim they carried the village, which had been strongly occupied by the French, and then, when the enemy gave way, the whole of the British cavalry dashed out on their retreating ranks and captured no less than twenty-four battalions of infantry and twelve squadrons of cavalry. Tallard, the French Marshal, was among the prisoners. Two years later, on the morning of the 23rd of May, a detachment of the Greys was sent forward by Marlborough to act as a "feeler" to his army; he himself followed with his forces arranged in eight columns, ready to deploy into line of battle at a moment's notice. "There was

a thick mist," says an officer of the Greys in his Memoirs, "something like the sunny *haar* we often see in our own Scotland. Bushes and trees loomed threateningly out of the haze and made us start, thinking we were suddenly come upon the enemy. Then, when we drew nearer to them, we would see great drops of clear dew hanging from the under-sides of the branches, all so still and peaceful that it gave us a sense of strangeness; it seemed unnatural that everything should be so pure and quiet when we had such bloody work on hand. In a copse on our right a mavis was singing, his song all full of clear trills and sweet gushes, just like the little birds in our own wood at Meadowland. We could only see the men near us, the others were hidden by the mist; and it was eerie to hear the plash of the horses' hoofs, the creak of the wet saddles, and the low words of command coming out of the woolly whiteness. As we were on the heights above Mierdorp the fog went this way and that, so that a long lane seemed to be cut through it right before us; and suddenly, far, far away at the end of the lane, we saw the French cavalry trotting over the plain of St. André. The struggling sunshine glistened red on their weapons. As

the sun strengthened the mist cleared away entirely, and the French Army was now seen very plainly, awaiting us close to the village of Ramillies."

Marlborough soon forced an action. He opened with a heavy artillery fire, posting meanwhile on the right the Scots Greys, the Queen's Horse, and the Royal Irish Dragoons, to be ready there when he wanted them. He sent the Dutch and Danish cavalry against the Household Regiments of France. The Dutchmen and the Danes were hurled back by the terrible warriors, whose name had been the envy of Europe for a hundred years, who rode down the allies at Steenkirk to the great cry, "No firing, gentlemen of France; do it with the cold steel!" Marlborough, watching the fight, saw what was needed. He sent word to the right—which was waiting for the word. The infantry regiments of Churchill and Mordaunt swept down the hill and drove three whole battalions of French infantry into a morass, where they killed them at their ease. Meanwhile the Scots Greys and the other two regiments of cavalry galloped right through the morass, paying no heed to the infantry battle raging around them. They went up the heights on the other side without drawing rein.

And topping the heights they fell like a thunderbolt on the French Household Brigade. "The crash of our meeting rose above the noise of the battle," says one officer;—"it was like sudden thunder." The gentlemen of the French Guard fought with desperate valour, as became them. But their antagonists were no longer Dutchmen and Danes. They were driven from the field. Several battalions of infantry which they had hitherto protected were now at the mercy of the Greys and their comrades, and were promptly cut to pieces. The Greys charged on alone through the village of Autréglise, caught up the French *Régiment du Roi*, and forced it to yield its colours and its arms. Then they joined in the pursuit of the fleeing French, which lasted till the small hours of the following morning. It is said that of the many colours and standards taken that day, no less than sixteen were captured by the Royal Scots Greys.

It was owing to a wound received at Ramillies that the sex of Christian Davies, the famous woman-trooper of the Greys, was discovered. Christian Davies was the daughter of a wealthy brewer and farmer, called Cavenagh, who had raised a troop of horse for the service of King James. He was

ruined by the battle of the Boyne, and his daughter went to reside with her aunt who kept a public house in Dublin. On the death of her aunt she inherited the business, and married one of her own waiters, Thomas Welch by name. He disappeared, and Mrs. Welch discovered that he had enlisted as a private soldier, and was now in Holland. Although she had three children, she determined to go in search of him. Leaving her property in the care of her relatives, she donned male attire and enlisted in Lord Orkney's regiment. She fought bravely in the Low Countries, living the ordinary life of a private soldier, flirting with the Dutch and Flemish beauties, and on one occasion severely wounding a sergeant in a duel. She had to leave Lord Orkney's regiment on account of the duel, and immediately enlisted in the Scots Greys. She fell in with her husband after the battle of Hochstet, but she was so taken with the free-and-easy life of a soldier that she refused to return to him till the war was over; she insisted that the two of them should pass as brothers. However, while she was charging with the Scots Greys at Ramillies her skull was fractured by a French Dragoon, and the doctor who attended her discovered the secret of

her sex. On her recovery she became a vivandière, and owing to her popularity did a roaring trade with the army. Her first husband and her second were killed in the Low Countries, whereupon she returned to England and was received in audience by Queen Anne, from whom she obtained a bounty of £50 and a pension of a shilling a day. She died in Chelsea Hospital in 1739, and was buried with military honours, three full volleys being fired above her grave.

At Malplaquet the Greys and their old comrades of Ramillies, the Royal Irish Dragoons, again routed, after three desperate charges, the French Household Brigade. It almost seemed as if they had been created to lower the pride of that boastful regiment. For at Dettingen, nearly forty years later, the Greys, after breaking their way through the French Cuirassiers, again for a third time routed the Household Cavalry of France. They drove them to the banks of the river and captured their famous white standard, "which was of damask finely wrought, and embroidered with gold and silver; in the centre was a thunderbolt on a blue and white ground; and the proud motto beneath was "Sensere Gigantes." Three times the Giants

had fallen beneath the prowess of the Scots Greys. Besides the battles mentioned, the Greys fought at Oudenarde, Douay, Bethune, Aire, St. Venant, Bouchain, Sheriffmuir, and Fontenoy. They were not in the Peninsular;—we must always have a few troops at home to look after things, and during the Peninsular it was the turn of the Greys to be at home. But they were at Waterloo—as all who have seen Lady Butler's great picture, "Scotland for Ever," must remember. On the night of the 17th June they encamped near the village of Waterloo. All night long a heavy rain beat upon the wearied men and horses. At last the morning broke, beautiful and clear. The Greys, together with the Royals and the Inniskillings, were formed into the "Union Brigade" of Cavalry under the command of Sir William Ponsonby, and were stationed to the rear of the left centre. Several strong divisions of the French hurled themselves on this part of the British line, and Bylandt's Dutchmen and Belgians fled screaming like cowards. But Pack's Brigade—there were there the Black Watch, the Gordons, the Royal Scots, and the "Fighting 44th,"—Pack's Brigade let the Frenchmen come within twenty yards of them ere they

swept them with a terrible volley, and then they charged home. Just at that moment Lord Uxbridge galloped up with an order that the Union Brigade of Cavalry should charge. Within a hundred yards of the enemy they halted, to allow Pack's infantry, now retiring from routing Marcognet's column, to pass through the spaces between the squadrons. But at that moment the pipes of the Gordons rang out their wild music, and the Highlanders, maddened with delight of war, refused to retire farther; they broke ranks, caught on to the stirrups of their mounted countrymen, and went bounding on to the fight, to the cry of "Scotland for ever!" In the space of a few minutes two thousand Frenchmen were taken prisoners. An Ayrshire man, Sergeant Ewart of the Greys, captured the "Eagle" of the 45th Regiment of French infantry; he had to kill three men ere he won it. Ewart was given a commission as the reward of his gallantry, and when he died in 1846 he had received nearly £3000 in pension-money—not a penny too much either!

The charge of the Greys and Inniskillings at Balaclava was worthy of the warriors of Waterloo. They went "up the hill, up the hill, up the hill,"

with Scarlett's Heavy Brigade. Scarlett was manœuvring to the right rear of the British Army when suddenly an overwhelming force of Russian cavalry, not less than three thousand in number, crested the hill. In their grey coats they looked like a huge black cloud lowering along the summit, threatening the Britons with death. For a moment both forces halted in sheer amaze—then the Russians swept gleefully on, thinking to crush in upon Scarlett's exposed flank. "Left wheel into line!" said Scarlett. He had about him at that moment only three squadrons of Inniskillings and Greys, numbering barely three hundred sabres, but with this puny force he drove right up the hill at the Russian horde. The Cossacks halted, terrified by the audacity of men who could wrest victory from the very jaws of death. So few were the British, so many the Russians, that when our red-coats clove into them it was like the sinking of a crimson drop into a great grey sea. Let Kinglake tell the story. "As lightning flashes through a cloud, the Greys and Inniskillings pierced through the dark masses of the Russians. The shock was but for a moment. There was a clash of steel and a light play of sword-blades in the air, and then the

Greys and the red-coats disappeared in the midst of the shaken and quivering columns. In another moment we saw them emerging in diminished numbers and charging against the second line. . . . The first line of Russians, which had been utterly smashed by our charge, were coming back to swallow up our handful of men. By sheer steel and sheer courage, Inniskillener and Scot were winning their desperate way right through the enemy's squadrons." As Lord Raglan wrote in his despatch: "The issue was never for one moment doubtful." When the remaining squadrons, numbering four hundred sabres, galloped to support the gallant three hundred, the huge bulk of the Russians began to quiver and to heave. "Rally, the Greys!" cried Miller, whose gigantic form towered high above the raving fight—"Rally, the Greys!" he bellowed, and the Greys rallied and rode the Russians down. The grey-coats scuttered from the field. Sir Colin Campbell rode up to his countrymen, hat in hand, his voice broken with emotion: "Greys, gallant Greys!" he cried, "I am sixty-one years old; but if I were young again, I should like to be one of you."

THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.

(THE TWENTY-THIRD.)

THE Welsh Fusiliers, like the Royal Scots, have no less than twenty-four "honours" on their colours. These are "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Oudenarde," "Malplaquet," "Dettingen," "Minden," "Corunna," "Martinique," "Albuhera," "Badajoz," "Salamanca," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Orthes," "Toulouse," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," "Lucknow," "Ashantee," and "Burma." A regiment with such a record may well be one of the proudest in the British Army.

It was in 1689 that King William gave Lord Herbert a commission to raise a regiment on behalf of England and liberty. It soon gave earnest of the glorious career it was to run. With green garlands wreathing their hats the Fusiliers crossed the Boyne, and did bloody execution on the enemy. A curious custom dates from that eventful day.

The spurs worn by Major Toby Purcell at the Boyne are still preserved in the regiment, and are the appanage of the Senior Major for the time being. Nor is that all. When the Fusiliers march round the table distributing leeks on St. David's night, it is the custom that every officer or guest who has never eaten a leek before shall eat a leek then with one foot on the table, while the drummer beats a roll behind him. When this ceremony is concluded the memory of "Purcell of the Boyne" is drunk with solemn honours. In mentioning the customs of the Welsh Fusiliers, their regimental pet must not be forgotten. From time immemorial they have been privileged to keep a goat, which marches at the head of the drum with a garlanded shield between its horns. 'Tis said that the goat is sometimes addicted to liquor!

The Welshmen did good service in Ireland from Londonderry to Limerick and Athlone. But British regiments do not care to recall the memory of domestic broils. 'Twas the French the Fusiliers loved to have a grapple with. So King William took them to Namur and, because they were fire-eaters, put them in Cutts's Brigade. For Cutts was nicknamed the Salamander, since he

used to sing where the bullets sang. They were under Cutts on the terrible assault of the 23rd, and they fought their way to the gates of the great fortress ; and they stayed there.

“ The Bavarians had made their onset gallantly, but unsuccessfully : their General had fallen ; and they were beginning to waver when the arrival of the Salamander and his men changed the fate of the day. Two thousand English volunteers, bent on retrieving at all hazards the disgrace of the recent repulse, were the first to force their way, sword in hand, through the palisades, to storm the battery which had made great havoc among the Bavarians, and to turn the guns against the garrison.” And the Welsh Fusiliers, having shared in the glorious struggle, shared in the glorious reward. “ The 26th of August was fixed for an exhibition such as the oldest soldier in Europe had never seen, and such as, a few weeks before, the youngest had scarcely hoped to see. From the first battle of Condé to the last battle of Luxembourg the tide of military success had been without any serious interruption in one direction. That tide had turned. For the first time, men said, since France had Marshals, a Marshal of France

was to deliver up a fortress to a victorious enemy."

The Welsh Fusiliers were at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet. At Oudenarde they were in Cadogan's division, which was told off to carry the village of Heynem. Brigadier Sabine of the 23rd led the assault. As they neared the village a fierce rattle of musketry greeted them. They fell in heaps. From garden and orchard and meadow, from croft and cottage and barn and byre, from every nook and corner of the quaint little German village a leaden hail of death beat on the advancing English. Never for a moment did they waver. The gallant Welshmen and their comrades swept on, and in a few minutes had captured seven battalions of Swiss infantry in the service of the King of France. But still from the gardens and enclosures came a dropping fire of musketry from the hidden enemy. The Fusiliers fought their way through the hedges and turned them out. At that moment, when they were spent and scattered by their terrible exertions, the French cavalry came against them like a living cataract. The Welshmen were not dismayed. They got their backs to the hedges, and they beat off the cavalry.

The Fusiliers fought at the sieges of Lisle and Tournay. In the elements of horror and romance the siege of Tournay is not surpassed by any in history. The assailants sapped in on the beleaguered city; they dug mines beneath the walls: they were met by counter-mines on the part of the defendants; there were deadly encounters in the nether darkness. When men left the sunlight of the upper world they never knew what sudden and appalling catastrophe might await them in the gloomy depths: battle, ambushade, explosion, and stifling horror lurked like wild beasts in the dark corners. You would be going along an underground gallery when suddenly a light would gleam red on the fierce waiting faces of the enemy; then, with muffled cries, the wild stabbing-play went on amid the gloom. It was a prospect to appal the bravest. But, as the old song says, "the Fusiliers never refused."

The battle of Malplaquet was begun in a thick mist. Our artillery was brought forward under the cover of the fog. The French heard the ominous sounds of preparing war through the envious curtaining mist, and they quickly stood to arms. The Welsh Fusiliers were in the division under

Count Lottum, to which was assigned the capture of the wood of Taisnière. The design was to drive the enemy from the wood, and then to flank in past their entrenchments on the plain beyond. Should this movement succeed the whole French position would be jeopardised. But the French knew this, and had taken extraordinary pains to render the wood impregnable. On the outskirts facing the British advance great barricades of felled timber had been ranged. The untrimmed branches with their thick foliage screened the enemy's musketeers from our sharpshooters. At the same time the many interstices allowed a devastating fire to be poured on our advance. As the Fusiliers approached the wood it was suddenly ringed with flame. Men fell rapidly. But in spite of appalling losses our unconquerable infantry pressed steadily forward. The unequal fight had lasted for an hour ere our men were close enough to thrust the muzzles of their muskets through the barricades and shoot the lurking foemen on the other side. Then with the fierce yells of a long-baulked but now satisfied rage they clambered over the obstructing timber and hunted the Frenchmen from the wood. Our cavalry were now free to sweep

round on the defenceless flank of the enemy. Meanwhile on other parts of the field the French had been hurled back behind their entrenchments. At that moment the cavalry from Taisnière crashed down on them like an avalanche, and Malplaquet, the bloodiest battle of the century, was won.

The Welsh Fusiliers were at Dettingen with George the Second. Dettingen, like Corunna, was a battle fought by Britishers who were caught when retreating by superior forces of the enemy and turned savagely at bay. During the action the King's horse bolted and nearly carried him in among the French lines. The stout little monarch—he was the grandfather of our Queen's grandfather—dismounted at once, and, "Now that I'm on my own legs," said he, "and not on my horse's, you may be sure I shan't run away." Then he out with his sword, the fat, little, valorous man, crying, "Come on, boys!" The boys came on so well that the French did not wait to receive them. The Fusiliers were at Fontenoy and Laffeldt, both of which battles were lost owing to the failure of our Dutch allies. At Laffeldt the cavalry of Holland broke in a panic, and galloped back among the British infantry, riding their own allies underfoot

in their desperate fear. This conduct so maddened the Fusiliers that they gave their cowardly friends two volleys they had intended for the frog-eaters. Later, the 23rd was part of the handful of men (less than twenty-five hundred) that held Minorca for seventy days against sixteen thousand men led by a Marshal of France. Beatson says truly that to hold such a place such a time against such a number is a feat scarce paralleled in history.

The United States of North America was the next field of the Fusiliers' renown. Cannon quotes the testimony of Fenimore Cooper, the American novelist. "The Welsh Fusiliers," says Cooper, "had hardly men enough left to saddle the regimental goat . . . The men are distinguished alike for their valour and their losses." Cannon also quotes from the letters of Mrs. Adams, the wife of the second President of the United States. "But one of the officers of the Welsh Fusiliers," she says, "is left to tell his story." That shows how they fought. If you want a particular instance of their valour, read the record of their victory at Guildford. There were less than fifteen hundred of them; there were seven thousand of the enemy. And their losses were over five hundred, or 35 per

cent. of all the Britishers engaged. And in spite of that they won the victory. The Americans, true to the instincts of backwoods warfare, were posted among some thick scrub; between the British and the scrub was a wide ploughed field, heavy with the recent rain. Pools of water gleamed among the furrows; there was a muddy glisten all over the field as the Welshmen advanced to the attack; the labouring soldiers plunged ankle-deep in the boggy holes. All the while they were pelted by a deadly hail from the hidden enemy. But there was no loose firing in return. Their advance was a triumph of discipline. The word was given, a volley flashed like a single shot; and again they advanced, steadily and sternly, closing up their torn ranks without a word. They had come within a few yards of the American position. The last of their volleys raked the scrub. And then came the order to charge. They went into the bush with a ringing yell, and the Americans, to use their own picturesque speech, "quit like rabbits," fleeing to the right and left. No sooner had their flight left the front clear than another deadly fusillade assailed the Fusiliers. It came from a second line of the enemy, posted farther on among thick scrub

which it was impossible to penetrate. Did the Welshmen retire? Not they. They marched along in front of this natural zareba, exposed all the while to a withering fire, turned the corners of the brushwood, got in behind, and scattered the enemy with the bayonet. But the danger was not yet over. There was still work to be done. It was found there was yet another line of Americans posted safely in the rear, and this force began to batter the Fusiliers. The Welshmen thought they had better finish the job when they were at it; so they swept, turned the Americans out, and captured their two cannon.

We may remark, by the way, that our American cousins seem to have a notion that their men were better than ours in the War of Independence. That is not so. Probably there is little to choose between the bravery of the one branch of the Anglo-Saxon race and the bravery of the other. The truth is, that in the American War of Independence the conduct of our men was superb; it was the conduct of the Generals that brought disaster. Twice considerable armies had to capitulate because, owing to bad generalship and the failure of supplies, they were forced to surrender to starvation. But in

hand-to-hand fighting our men had, if anything, rather the best of it. We are very willing to admit that our American friends were in the right in that row ; but we needn't lie down and grovel over it. For " the men are always splendid."

The Welsh Fusiliers had no long rest after their return from America. They fought in the Dutch campaign of 1799. They went to Alexandria with Abercromby. They went to Corunna with Moore. They captured Martinique in the West Indies. They fought at Redinha, Olivença, and Badajoz. And then came the great day of Albuhera. But none but Napier can tell the story that Napier has told :—

"Such a gallant line issuing from the midst of smoke, and rapidly separating itself from the confusion and broken multitude, startled the enemy's heavy masses, which were increasing and pressing forward as to an assured victory ; they wavered, hesitated, and then, vomiting forth a storm of fire, endeavoured to enlarge their front, while their fearful discharge of grape from all their artillery whistled through the British ranks. Myers was killed ; Cole and the Colonels—Ellis, Blakeney, and Hawkshawe—fell wounded ; and the Fusilier bat-

talions, struck by the iron tempest, reeled and staggered like sinking ships. Suddenly and sternly recovering, they closed on their terrible enemies, and then was seen with what a strength and majesty the British soldier fights. In vain did Soult, by voice and gesture, animate his Frenchmen; in vain did the hardest veterans, extricating themselves from the crowded columns, sacrifice their lives to gain time for the mass to open on such a fair field; in vain did the mass itself bear up, and, fiercely striving, fire indiscriminately on friends and foes, while the horsemen, hovering on the flanks, threatened to charge the advancing line. Nothing could stop that astonishing infantry. No sudden burst of undisciplined valour, no nervous enthusiasm threatened the stability of their order, — their flashing eyes were bent on the dark columns in front; their measured tread shook the ground; their dreadful volleys swept away the head of every formation; their deafening shouts overpowered the dissonant cries that broke from all parts of the tumultuous crowd, as foot by foot, and with a horrid carnage, it was driven by the incessant vigour of the attack to the farthest verge of the hill. . . . The rain flowed after in streams dis-

coloured with blood, and fifteen hundred unwounded men, the remnant of six thousand unconquerable British soldiers, stood triumphant on the fatal hill."

Albuhera did not end it; the Fusiliers were in every big fight of the Peninsula. At Pampeluna, we learn by the express testimony of Wellington himself, the 23rd charged four times in succession, each time with glittering success. As they were approaching the end of the campaign, Colonel Ellis wrote that his battalion was now only the semblance of one: it had been reduced by losses in war to one hundred and eight battle-scarred veterans! But the loss of mere numbers could not impair their quality. At Aldea de Ponte Wellington wanted a regiment to cover the withdrawal. Pakenham, who had anticipated the mind of his chief, replied that he had sent the Welsh Fusiliers to do the job. "Ah," said Wellington, "that is the very thing." When the Fusiliers were there, that was enough. Wellington wanted no more. And at Alma, Inkerman, Ashantee, and Burma the record has still been the same.

THE ROYAL SCOTS.

THE Royal Scots, 1st Foot, or Lothians, have the longest pedigree of any regiment in the British Army. Blenheim is the first name in their long roll of honours, but hundreds of years before Blenheim the ancestors of the Royal Scots had soaked half the battlefields of Europe with their blood. Their regimental nickname bears witness to their antiquity. They are called Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard. The name arose when they were in the service of the King of France early in the sixteenth century. The Scots adventurers were then known as Le Régiment de Douglas. Le Régiment de Picardy, vaunting its antiquity, claimed to have been on guard on the night of the Crucifixion. "Well, if we had been," said the Scots, "*we* wouldn't have slept at our posts; but that night we were acting as Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard." However, it is not only from the Scots adventurers in the

service of France that the Lothians derive their origin. They are the lineal descendants also of those hard and hungry Scots, the Dugald Dalgetties of the north, who flocked to the standard of Gustavus Adolphus. How many there were of them is shown by the fact that at one time the Lion-King had no less than thirteen Scotch regiments in his service; eight of his Generals, seventy-eight of his Colonels, and fourteen of his Majors came from the wind-bitten coasts of Scotland.

One of their first achievements in the Swedish service was their capture and defence of Rügenwald in Pomerania. When proceeding by sea they were wrecked and flung upon the hostile coast. Gustavus was eighty miles away, eighty miles swarming with the enemy. But Colonel Monro, who led the handful of Scots, had no thought of surrendering. Wet, hungry, and desperate, they lurked all day in the recesses of the shore. Night came at last, and they meant to make a big bid for freedom and renown. Moving forward under the cover of the darkness, the daring adventurers attacked and carried the town! The enemy gathered round it and tried to take it back again. But Monro's men

held it for nine long weeks, till Hepburn's Scots fought their way to their countrymen's relief.

It was Hepburn's Scots who captured Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Sir John Hepburn himself led them on through the moat — waist-deep in mud and water. He fell terribly wounded. His men were dropping thick around him. But they charged the enemy home, and drove them back to the great gate of the town. In their desperate flight the defenders failed to let the portcullis fall in its proper place; it hung half-way in the air, and left a gap that desperate men might enter. Right through it went Hepburn's men. They drove the enemy along the streets, and captured eighteen of their colours.

They were at the battle of Leipsic in 1631, the most important battle that had been fought for half a century. It was fought on the 7th of September. The autumn ploughing had begun, and the brown soil underfoot had crumbled into powder beneath a dry and withering wind. Great clouds of dust swept about the plain, choking and blinding the soldiers, and hiding the enemy from view. Gustavus put two regiments of Scots and a Dutch regiment in front; Hepburn's men were in reserve.

The Saxons were on the left wing. They broke before the enemy. Immediately Gustavus hurled Hepburn's waiting Scotsmen to the post of danger. By this time the Imperialists were within easy musket-shot, and were raking the advancing regiment with their fire. But, as the old chronicler puts it finely, "the pikemen went cheering on." They drove the enemy off the field.

In 1632 Hepburn quitted Germany, and immediately after his return to London was knighted by King Charles. But so famous a soldier could not rest. He went to France to seek work for his sword. A regiment had been raised there from some of the old Scots companies of France and a body of new adventurers. Hepburn was given the coloneley. Thus, in 1634, when France came to aid the Protestant Princes of Germany against the Austrians and Spaniards, Hepburn and his old veterans of Sweden were once more ranged together on the same side. The Scots of France and Sweden were united under their great leader. In fact, so many of the Scots companies were brigaded together that in 1637 there were no less than eight thousand Scotsmen in the service of the King of France. It is from this body, with its

almost mediæval traditions, that the Lothians are descended.

In 1636 Sir John Hepburn was killed at the siege of Saverne. Such was the fame of his gallantry that though he died in the reign of Louis XIII., Louis XIV., many years after, had a monument erected to his memory.

He was succeeded by his cousin, James Hepburn, who was soon also killed in a quarrel not his own. Lord James Douglas got the regiment—henceforth known from him as *Le Régiment de Douglas*. He too fell in the service of the foreigner. For the French Kings gave their Scots rufflers plenty of work to do. They were at Rocroi in 1643. They went over the Alps into Italy and took Turin. They were in all the rows between Condé and Turenne from 1652 to 1659. And then in 1661 they were ordered back to England by King Charles.

This was the way of it. Charles could not trust to the Commonwealth soldiers; he wished to be surrounded by a body of men, all of them gentlemen and famous soldiers, all of them pledged to the service of a monarchy. So he disbanded the Puritan regiments and recalled the Scots Brigade. True,

one Puritan regiment was still kept on, and still exists in the English Army. It was the regiment that marched with Monk from Coldstream to effect the restoration of the King. Charles took them into his own service by way of reward. But they were first required to lay down their arms, to mark their abnegation of the Commonwealth. Then they were ordered to take up their arms as the Second Foot Guards. Not a man stirred from the ranks. The King stared in surprise. But Monk galloped up, and "Sire," he cried, "that regiment refuses to be known as second to any in the British Army." "Coldstream Guards, take up your arms," said Charles, with the ready tact of the Stuarts, and the Coldstream Guards they remain to this day, and their record is "Second to None."

The Royal Scots were soon sent back to France by treaty with the French King. The Grand Monarch did not wish to be deprived of such splendid auxiliaries. But in '66 they were brought back to England, because Louis favoured the Dutch, who were then our enemies. In '70, however, the French King wanted them again, and for several years they fought under Turenne against the Hollanders. But in 1678 they came home for good.

and were immediately sent to North Africa to defend Tangier against the Moors.

One hundred and sixty-four of the Lothians had been cut off by the Moors in an isolated post known as Fort Henrietta. They determined to cut their way out, and to cover their escape it was arranged that their comrades in the town should deliver a general attack in order to divert the attention of the enemy. The fort was surrounded by two trenches, the outer of which was twelve feet deep. The escaping Lothians carried the inner trench with a rush. But they blundered into the deep outer trench, which was surrounded by a thick cordon of the enemy. Scores of them fell into the pit in the impetus of their own rush forward; all was surging confusion and stabbing steel. But the Moors could not stay the Lothians, though the trench was heaped to the brim with one hundred and twenty of their dead. Over the bridge of their slain comrades the forty-four desperate survivors cut their way through to the town.

A general attack upon the Moors was ordered. At three o'clock in the morning the British stood to arms. Nowadays an infantry attack is prepared for by a fierce bombardment of artillery;

in the days of King Charles the usual tactics were those which Baden-Powell has been forced to resort to at Mafeking: our men used to walk close up and fling explosive hand-grenades in among the enemy! That is what the Royal Scots did with the Moors. Then they went at the blackamoors with the cold steel. No sooner had they won the first trench than they immediately began to fill it in, making a road for the cavalry, fretting to charge. The horsemen thundered across, and the Moors fled wildly in every direction.

At Sedgmoor it was the Royal Scots who repulsed Monmouth's surprise attack and captured his standard. They were with William at Steenkirk, and carried four hedges in succession, each of which had been held by strong bodies of the enemy. The victory of Schellenburg, in 1704, was largely due to their efforts. It was six o'clock on a fine July evening when they advanced; the setting sun gleamed redly on their bayonets. The French, posted on the heights above them, met them with a storm of grape. Steadily they moved forward. At last they came to a ravine running obliquely along the hillside, and could advance no farther. As they paused on the brink the French swept

down from their other entrenchments and tried to drive them off the hill. They hurled the French back to these entrenchments and endeavoured to carry them by a desperate assault with the bayonet; but the numbers against them were too many,—they were forced to fall back for a while. As they re-formed down the slope, their bodies all ruddied by the lovely light of the July evening, they afforded a conspicuous mark to the Frenchmen above, and many of them fell. A third time they advanced and fought their way inch by inch up among the enemy. The battle was poised this way and that when the Scots Greys dismounted—since their horses were of no use—and came to their countrymen's assistance. The French broke and fled. They had been turned out of an enormously superior position, and had lost sixteen pieces of artillery.

The Royal Scots were all through Marlborough's wars. They were part of the small army of eight thousand men with which General Webb won the battle of Wynendale. General Webb, you remember, was the favourite General of Thackeray's Colonel Esmond. He was convoying supplies to Marlborough's army from Ostend when twenty-two thousand Frenchmen tried to intercept and destroy

him. To reach him they had to pass through the wood of Wynendale. Webb determined to fight for it, great as the odds were against him. He posted troops to the right and left of the avenue by which the French must advance, and waited in the centre with his main body. The scouts ahead for a long time saw nothing but a clear empty arch of light beneath the trees at the far end of the branchy tunnel. The quiet woodland sounds seemed unnaturally loud in the tense pause of expectation. At last the light gleamed on the coming cuirasses, and the far-away arch was filled with the surging hosts of the enemy. On they came triumphantly, and the Britishers waited finger on trigger. A bugle-call rang loud and clear. Suddenly two sheets of flame leapt out from either side of the leafy way; the glare passed, the smoke curled away, and the French were seen withered and blasted on the ground. Three times they tried to come on, but the Frenchman, though brave, is not of the island-breed that can force its way through the lanes of Hell. From front, from right, from left, musketry blasted them, and twenty-two thousand Frenchmen turned tail on a third of their number of Britishers.

Mons, Douay, Bethune, Aire, Bouchain, and Quesnoy, Fontenoy, and Culloden ; at each of these the Royal Scots were among the foremost. It was they who defended Fort Landberg. The French carried their sap close in, then suddenly attacked, and a Dutch regiment gave way. But the French got no farther ; the Lothians stopped them. Yet so narrow was the field of fire that only twenty-four men could arm at once. All night long, in the thick darkness, platoon after platoon of the Royal Scots came on with perfect order and regularity, fired, and gave place to their comrades. At five o'clock in the morning, when the dawn came grey and cold, four hundred of their number were seen lying dark and rigid on the ground. But the French were still on the outside of Fort Landberg.

The Lothians were at Louisburg and Ticonderoga, —to get there they went down the lake using blankets as sails : they fought the Cherokee Indians amid the toils of the American backwoods ; they were at Corsica, St. Domingo, Fort L'Acal and Port-au-Prince ; they were at Egmont-op-Zee, and in the expedition to Ferrol and Cadiz ; they were at Aboukir and Alexandria. At one time there

was scarce a corner of the world in which one or other of the four battalions was not fighting. At one and the same time the 1st was in Canada, the 2nd in India, the 3rd in Spain, and the 4th in Swedish Pomerania. No wonder the honours are so thick upon their colours. The British transports, with the army on board, came into the Bay of Aboukir as it was reddened by the sunset, on the first of March 1801. Next day over the fresh morning waves the boats moved slowly in upon the shore. The water around them hissed with a bullet-storm—like a pool in a pelting rain. But the men were biding their time. As they neared the shore the 2nd battalion of the Royal Scots, the 1st and 2nd battalions of the 54th, and the Gordon Highlanders leapt into the water and dashed at the beach. They formed as they advanced. The first line of the enemy was taken in their galloping stride. Then the Royals and the 54th went on and took the second.

They were in Java in 1811. They fought at Busaco, Ciudad Rodrigo, Fuentes d'Onor, Badajoz, Salamanca, and San Sebastian. Their loss at the siege of the latter place alone was no less than three hundred and thirty-four. The leading companies

carried the traverses of the semi-bastion, but were forced back by the enemy. They went at them again. Suddenly a great flame leapt from the ground at their feet. A mine had exploded. But the French had spoiled their game through their own nervousness; the explosion was a little too soon, and the Lothians went in and captured the curtain. Meanwhile the first battalion had formed part of the small army that won the battle of Lundy's Lane against a vastly superior force of Americans. They arrived in the thick of the fighting, and took up their position on the right of the line. Their arrival was a godsend, for even with them there were only two thousand eight hundred British against five thousand of the enemy. The Americans tried to pierce the British centre, so as to split the army in two and destroy it in detail, but they were repulsed with heavy loss. It was nine o'clock of a fine summer evening ere this battle was ended. Suddenly a fierce fire of musketry and artillery broke out once more from the American lines. It was followed a moment after by a desperate charge. The Americans were determined to win. The British guns were taken. But the Royal Scots took them back again. The enemy retired

baffled. So close had been the fight that at one time the muzzles of the opposed guns were touching. And one of the American guns was carried off on a British limber, one of the British on an American. There has probably never been a more resolute fight in the annals of war than this between two armies of the same race. Not even in their day's terrible fighting at Waterloo did the Royal Scots display more courage than was required to beat back the Yankees at the battle of Lundy's Lane.

THE GORDONS, FIGHTING FIFTH, AND CARABINIERS.

IF you are interested in the present crisis in South Africa—and who is not?—you may have seen this bald announcement under the heading of Military Intelligence: “To-day the Gordon Highlanders sailed for the Cape.” What does this mean? Does it mean simply and only that so many men and so many guns have been shipped for South Africa? No; it means more than that, for a regiment is more than an aggregate of men and arms. A great regiment, like a great family, has a strength from the past. Driving it on there is the power of old and heroic traditions; it *dare* not be unworthy of its high originals. *Noblesse oblige!* And so this prestige, this legendary glory, must be reckoned with in estimating a regiment’s efficiency. If you would know what the Gordons can

do, you must know what they have done. When they sailed for South Africa the other day they were not alone. There went with them the history of a hundred terrible years of war.

How shall you know their history? Look at the colours of the regiment. Inscribed there is the list of their chief victories. What a rolling thunder of battle it is! Egypt, India, Mysore, Seringapatam, Egmont-op-Zee, Mandora, Corunna, Fuentes d'Onor, Almaraz, Vittoria, Pyrenees, Nive, Orthes, Peninsula, Waterloo, South Africa, Delhi, Lucknow, Charasiab, Chitral, Kabul, Kandahar, Afghanistan, Egypt '82-84, Tel-el-Kebir, Chitral, Tirah-Dargai! What pictures of march and leaguer and desperate assault in romantic or barbaric lands do these names bring before us! Those old Peninsular names above all,—Talavera, Vittoria, Ciudad Rodrigo, Badajoz,—what glorious yet pathetic memories they evoke of days when our valorous and mighty dead, now lying in forgotten graves, drove the French invader out of Spain! Why, there is something in the very sound of the word "Talavera" that stirs the blood like a trumpet! What a fitting name for a terrible field of arms!

Talavera! There is something of swift and glittering onset, of high and impetuous daring, in the very rush of its vocables. 'Tis a word of the bravest significance. The horse of a fierce and gallant leader of Dragoons should be christened "*Talavera*." Or cavalry should charge with that for their slogan-yell—" *Talavera!*" Not "Stand fast, Craigel-lachie!" itself would ring more thrillingly above the fray.

That, then, is the record of the Gordons, and yet they are but a hundred years old. You know the story of their raising? When, a little over a hundred years ago, the then Duke of Gordon was commissioned to raise a regiment for the King, of which his son Lord Huntly should be Colonel, his wife, "the bonnie Duchess," became her son's recruiting-sergeant. When the men-folk were in from the hill she would ride up to the sheilings and the lonely farms, and with the King's shilling between her lips she kissed them away to the wars. "Now, lads, who's for a soldier's life—and a kiss o' the Duchess Jean?" was her cry. When such lips tempted, what lad of mettle could refuse to touch them? They kissed—and were captured. But with what sudden-blanching faces of dismay

the women must have looked askance at her, big-eyed with dislike and fear! She was stealing their men-folk away to be lost for ever in the wars, and, worst of all, she was stealing them with a kiss,—oh! the randy, the randy!—because of her terrible loveliness. How they must have hated her! It was not the stealing of the men they disliked so much — it was the kiss that stole them.

You have read the record of the Gordons since that romantic raising. But do not imagine that all their desperate deeds are inscribed on that roll of honour. The Duke of Wellington would not allow the word "Arriverete" to be put upon their colours because, although their courage on that occasion was superb (they dashed through the river up to the neck), yet the occasion itself was considered trifling in that age of Titanic warfare. "And it is not worthy of the Gordons," wrote the Duke, "to carry on their blazon the name of a victory of which the whole world has not heard." Never was a compliment greater than that refusal. Only days of world-wide fame were fit to join the victories already inscribed upon those banners, were worthy of that great com-

pany. And it was the Duke of Wellington who said so.

Did you ever hear of Arroyo-del-Molinos? I daresay not—and yet it was a fine thing. The 1st battalion of the 92nd set out on October 22, 1811, and marched every day through lashing rain till the evening of the 27th—when they bivouacked without fires about three miles from the enemy, who were halting at Arroyo, on their way to Merida. At two o'clock in the morning the British stole forward—their approach still concealed by the mist and the beating rain. Outside the village the French were getting ready to continue their march. The British advance-guard, peering down through the mist, could see the sumpter-mules as they were brought up and loaded, and could hear hoarse shouts of command. All else was quiet—nothing heard save the constant patter of the rain and the rush of a neighbouring torrent. But suddenly a slogan-yell rang clear, kilted figures were seen hurling on through the mist—and next moment the 92nd and the 71st had carried the village at the bayonet. The 28th, 34th, and 39th had meanwhile made a *détour* and surrounded the village on the farther side. The

French formed into square and began to retreat sullenly—presenting an unbroken front upon every side. That front had to be broken. “Through them!” said the Colonel of the 92nd—and the 92nd went through them. A Prince, a General, and one thousand four hundred prisoners were the prize of war.

But we have anticipated. It was at Egmont-op-Zee, in Holland, in the year 1799, that the Gordons of the old 92nd achieved their first great feat of arms by defeating a body of French six times greater than themselves in number. Sir John Moore, who died at Corunna, was their Brigadier. He was severely wounded, but his life was saved by two privates of the 92nd, who found him and carried him to the rear. “And now we maun join the lads,” said one, “*for we’re a’ needed the day.*” When Moore, on recovering, wished to trace and reward his saviours, he found that they had been killed. And he observed with pride that not a man in the regiment was capable of claiming the reward that belonged to none but the gallant dead. The Gordons were with Moore once more at Corunna when he turned and thrashed Soult after a terrible march of two hundred and fifty

miles. But in the interval they had been to the Nile with Sir Ralph Abercromby, and at Mandora and Alexandria had won the "Sphinx" for their emblem. By 1811 they were back in Spain (they had been home after Corunna), and helped Wellington to victory at Fuentes d'Onor. At Almaraz two of them, James Gall and John Somerville, swam the Tagus to bring back the bridge of boats, and so enable the Duke and the army to get at the enemy. They were at Vittoria, at Nive, at Orthes, and on the triumphal march into France in 1814. At Quatre Bras the Duke himself was with them, and held their impatient ardour in check under repeated fusillades and charge after charge of cavalry. "Now 92nd!" he whispered at last, and in the gloaming the Gordons drove the French out of Quatre Bras and a mile beyond it. At Waterloo their supports on the right and left were driven back, and the Gordons, reduced to three hundred men, were left facing three thousand of the enemy. Did Sir Denis Pack order them to retire? Not he. "Charge, and retrieve the day!" was the word, and the Highlanders swept forward. Just then the Scots Greys galloped up, and with a yell of "Scotland for ever!" they all dashed at the foe, some of the

Gordons clinging to the stirrups of their mounted comrades that they might get the quicker to the combat.

A regiment that has been associated with the Gordons on many a terrible field is the "Fighting 5th," or Northumberland Fusiliers. It is strange that this regiment, which is now fighting the Dutch in South Africa, should have been first raised by a Dutch Prince for the service of Holland. In 1674 Prince William of Orange was allowed by his uncle, the English King, to raise four regiments of British subjects to assist him in his struggles with the French. One of these is now the "Fighting 5th." It takes the name of the Northumberland Fusiliers in honour of a most popular Colonel, Hugh, Earl Percy, afterwards Duke of Northumberland, who led a Brigade in the American War, and commanded the regiment from 1768 till 1784. The 5th began to earn their nickname early. At the siege of Maestricht, in 1676, two hundred of them attacked the Dauphin bastion, to be driven back with a loss of one hundred and fifty men. This maddened the regiment, and in another assault they carried the bastion, outstripping a Dutch forlorn hope in the race for the ramparts.

But the defeated enemy had fired a mine beneath the works, which exploded and sent the victors flying in the air. Those of the 5th who came down again brushed the dust from their eyes and carried the rampart a second time! For these and other feats they were publicly rewarded by Prince William in front of the whole army. Doubtless, the 5th remembered his bounty with loyal gratitude when they accompanied him to England to oust his father-in-law in 1688. Macaulay relates in thrilling language how proudly the English peasantry looked on when their countrymen marched by. "There," they whispered to each other,—“there be our own lads; there be the brave fellows who hurled back the French on the field of Seneffe!” The 5th were with William at the Boyne, and later, at Athlone, at Limerick, and at Namur. In the war of the Spanish Succession, while their comrades were gaining glory under Marlborough, they were driving the enemy before them in Portugal and Spain. They defended Gibraltar in the first desperate attempt made by the Spaniard to recover it. To relate their history from that date till the time of the Napoleonic Wars is to relate the foreign history of England. They were in France in '58,

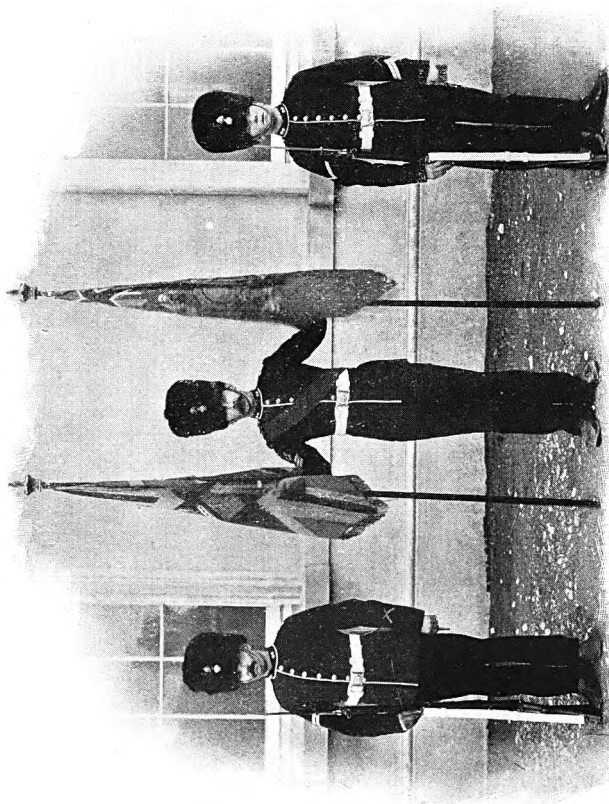
in Germany from '60 till '62, and all through the war in North America; while in 1807 they were driving the Spaniard through the streets of distant Buenos Ayres.

But it was the Peninsular War that witnessed the full flowering of their fame. It was they who stormed the breach of Ciudad Rodrigo. Later, they fought all the way to Paris through Salamanca, Vittoria, Nivelle, Orthes, and Toulouse. But if you would have a taste of their quality, hear how they entered Badajoz.

The 2nd battalion of the "Fighting 5th," at the head of the storming brigade, passed the Rivellas by a narrow bridge under a raking fire of musketry. Men fell rapidly. Still they pressed on. Soon they were rearing their ladders against the walls, which were twenty feet high. Once every ladder was broken or overturned, and in the dread pause, while the 5th gathered breath beneath, the French above screamed "Victory!" But Colonel Ridge sprang up and at them. He led his men along the rampart, and drove the garrison before him with terrible slaughter through the double gate into the town. Thus was the castle won; but Ridge fell shot through the heart in the

moment of victory. The phrase in which Napier describes his death is splendid and memorable. "None that night," he says, "died with more glory; yet many died, and there was much glory!"

Old friends of the 5th are the 6th Dragoon Guards, or Carabiniers. Their roll of honour begins with the splendid names of "Blenheim," "Ramillies," "Malplaquet," and "Oudenarde"; and to that they have since added "Sevastopol," "Delhi," and "Afghanistan." They were first raised by Lord Lumley in the stirring times of Monmouth's Rebellion, to support the cause of King James. But Lumley refused to abet James in his tyrannies, and the regiment was taken away from him. No sooner did the Prince of Orange land, however, than the Carabiniers followed the example of their old leader, and entered the service of King William. It is to him they owe their distinctive title of "The Carabiniers," which was given as a reward for their valour at the Boyne. Louis XIV. of France had select regiments of horse which he called "Carabiniers," and William seems to have formed the design of giving this title to such cavalry regiments as especially distinguished themselves. The design



ROYAL DUBLIN FUSILIERS.

fell through, however, and so this regiment is the only corps which ever obtained the distinction.

At Aghrim, again, the Carabiniers covered themselves with glory. "Saint Ruth laughed," says Macaulay, "when he saw the Carabiniers and the Blues struggling through a morass under a fire which at every moment laid some gallant hat and feather on the earth. 'What do they mean?' he asked, and then he swore it was a pity to see such fine fellows marching to certain destruction." But it was he who was destroyed. Later, at Landen, the 6th Dragoons rendered a signal service to King William. They were among the small body of brave men who, according to Macaulay, "shared his peril to the last, and could hardly keep off his pursuers as he crossed the bridge." The incident is referred to in *Tristram Shandy*. We have the authority of Corporal Trim for saying that "if it had not been for the regiments of Windham [i.e. the Carabiniers], Lumley, and Galway, which covered the retreat over the bridge of Neerspecken, the King himself could scarcely have gained it." Under Marlborough their service was no less distinguished. At Ramillies they captured the standard of the Royal Regiment of Bombardiers of France.

At Malplaquet they repulsed Marshal Boufflers and the terrible Household Brigade. And since then, wherever glory was to be won,—in America, India, or Africa,—the Carabiniers have been foremost. And so may they aye be !

THE DUBLIN FUSILIERS.

To the Dublin Fusiliers, who stormed the Boer position in the first great fight at Glencoe, belongs the glory of establishing the British supremacy in India. They were a chief instrument in the hands of Clive; at Wandewash and Porto Novo they helped Coote to carry out the great designs of Warren Hastings. Their name is written in letters of blood on every page of our Indian history. It is more than two hundred years since the regiment was raised, but till 1871 it never saw the shores of England. All that time it was warring in the East. It had whipped the Dutch once and again ere the charge of Glencoe, but until the day of Glencoe it never fought outside the borders of Asia. Its badges are the Royal Tiger of Bengal and the Indian Elephant. Round these are the great words, "Plassey," "Mysore," "Buxar," and "The Carnatic." The long list of victories that

glitters on its colours is entirely made up of Indian names—and of these names fifteen are peculiar to the “Blue-Caps,” and are shared by no other regiment. That list of victories is the story of Britain’s lordship in the East—“Arcot,” “Condore,” “Wandewash,” “Sholingur,” “Nundy Droog,” “Amboyna,” “Ternate,” “Banda,” “Pondicherry,” “Mahidpoor,” “Guzerat,” “Seringapatam,” “Kirkee,” “Beni Boo Ally,” “Aden,” “Punjaub,” “Mooltan,” “Goojerat,” “Ava,” “Pegu,” “Lucknow”! Such is the great record. The history of the Dublin Fusiliers is the history of British India.

The Dublin Fusiliers is the territorial title of the great regiment made up of the old 102nd and 103rd Foot; in other words, of the Madras Fusiliers and the Bombay Fusiliers. As early as 1645 various companies of the Madras Fusiliers were asserting the British supremacy in India. But it was not till 1668 that the regiment was finally established. For a hundred years they defended the scanty foothold of England in the East. And there, with Clive, they leapt into fame. Fully to appreciate the part they played, one must understand its relation to the larger drama of world-empire slowly evolving through the centuries. The French

threatened to be masters of the whole of India. As Macaulay says, the natives of India "had seen the French colours flying on Fort St. George; they had seen the chiefs of the English factory led in triumph through the streets of Pondicherry; they had seen the arms and counsels of Dupleix everywhere successful. . . . At this moment the valour and genius of an obscure English youth turned the tide of fortune." The Dublin Fusiliers were the chief instrument by which Clive turned it.

The French were besieging Trichinopoly. If it fell, the whole of India must be theirs. Clive conceived the daring plan of raising the siege of Trichinopoly by making a sudden attack upon Arcot, the capital of the Carnatic, and the favourite residence of the Nabobs. The odds against him were tremendous. He was only twenty-five years of age; hitherto he had been a clerk in a mercantile office, with little or no military training. To carry out his plan he had only two hundred of the Dublin Fusiliers and a force of three hundred Sepoys. Arcot was a city of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and was defended by one thousand one hundred trained soldiers. But nothing daunted Clive. He marched straight to the gates of Arcot through a terrible

storm of thunder, lightning, and rain. The garrison fled in a panic, and Arcot was won.

Clive and his little band were immediately besieged by an overwhelming force of ten thousand men. The situation was desperate. The English garrison had been greatly reduced by casualties. There were now only one hundred and twenty of the Dublin Fusiliers and two hundred of the Sepoys. Four of the eight officers had fallen. "The walls of Arcot were ruinous, the ditches dry, the ramparts too narrow to admit the guns, the battlements too low to protect the soldiers." But for fifty days Clive, with his Fusiliers and Sepoys, held the enemy at bay. The besiegers sent elephants to carry battering-rams against the walls; the defenders maddened the huge beasts by a fusillade which sent them plunging back to spread ruin and death through the enemy. It was during this siege that the Dublin Fusiliers, in the person of one of its officers, performed the greatest service it has ever rendered the Empire. From an embrasure one of the enemy was seen to be taking sure and deadly aim at the unconscious Clive. Escape was impossible. Only a human barrier could arrest the swift-coming death. Lieutenant Trewith, of the 102nd, deliberately

leapt forward and received in his own heart the bullet that was meant for his General. He fell dead, and Clive lived to win Plassey and India for England.

After a last desperate assault, which was foiled, the enemy was forced to retreat from Arcot. Clive, his Fusiliers with him then as always, was quick to pursue his advantage. Pondicherry, Trichinopoly, and Tanjore were taken in rapid succession. Finally, at Plassey the Fusiliers were among the thousand British soldiers who, with two thousand Sepoys, routed Surajah Dowlah and sixty thousand men. Henceforth, wherever fighting occurs in India, the Fusiliers have a habit of "occurring" too. Keene, of the 102nd, at the head of two hundred British soldiers and four hundred Sepoys, won the battle of Coverpauk, capturing nine field-pieces and three mortars. A curious thing happened at Baboor. The Fusiliers and a French regiment, after raking each other with repeated volleys, started to charge at the same moment, as if moved by the same impulse, and crossed bayonets at half-way. This happens very rarely—an infantry regiment generally waits to receive an attack of another regiment of infantry or cavalry; in this case each

rushed to meet the other. It is perhaps unnecessary to add that the French regiment was driven off the field. The Fusiliers were foremost in the great fights at Condore and Wandewash. At Buxar, under Major Munroe, they routed the enemy; and they were part of our army of eleven thousand men which at Sholingur vanquished Hyder Ali's force of sixty thousand, capturing seventy guns and destroying three thousand of their foes. At Cuddalore they had a romantic adventure. They captured a young French sergeant and brought him forward to the warmth of their own camp-fire. The flickering light revealed the face, quick-eyed and resolute, of one born to command. And the French sergeant who that night warmed his hands at the ruddy firelight of the Dublin Fusiliers was indeed destined to a strange and glittering career. His name was Bernadotte. He married the fiancée of Napoleon Buonaparte, lived to be a Marshal of France, and died King of Sweden. By the bye, a curious thing happened to Bernadotte, in his early married life, which has affected the nomenclature of one of the Royal Houses of Europe. Napoleon consented to stand godfather to Bernadotte's first child, partly to conciliate him, and

partly to please his wife, who, as Desirée Clary, had been the Emperor's first sweetheart. Now the only book for which Napoleon cared was *Ossian*, and Oscar is the hero of *Ossian*. Therefore Napoleon gave that name to Bernadotte's baby. Hence the present King Oscar of Sweden derives his name from a literary whim of the great Emperor.

The next thrilling feat of the Dublin Fusiliers was performed at the capture of Nundy Droog by the British. Though lucky in everything else, the "Blue-Caps" are certainly unfortunate in the names of their victories. It needs a very strong regiment to bear up against the burden of names so comical as Nundy Droog and Beni Boo Ally,—just as you don't expect a man to be a poet if he's christened Jeremiah Swigglesbig! Nundy Droog!—why, it's a ridiculous name, appropriate to nothing so much as a bandy-legged Hindoo water-carrier. But if the name be ridiculous, the place is terrible. The story of its capture by the Dublin Fusiliers shows that long before the battle of Glencoe the "Blue-Caps" were famous for storming inaccessible positions. Nundy Droog is a fortress perched on a precipitous rock which is over two thousand feet high. When the Mahrattas held it against

Hyder Ali, he was forced to besiege it for three long years ere it surrendered. The British captured it in just three weeks. The 4th battalion of the 102nd was selected for the final assault. Doveton was the man that led it. A broad, bright Indian moon glared down upon the craggy peaks that towered high and far, casting long black shadows. So high was the fortress above the British position that the bugle-calls of the enemy seemed to come floating down from an infinite distance. At last the assault was sounded, and the Fusiliers dashed at the steep. Hell opened above them. Cannon-shot ploughed through them, musketry raked them, rockets blasted them, great boulders rolled down from above and carried them away. But they never stopped. They walked up the face of that cliff—and then they dropped the enemy over it.

Next the "Blue-Caps" went into Seringapatam under Wellesley. Then they captured Amboyna from the Dutch. They landed in the island at two o'clock one afternoon. By twelve o'clock next day one thousand five hundred Dutchmen had surrendered, and the whole island was in British hands. But the Fusiliers had never enough of it.

They went on to the capture of Ternate, Banda, and Kurnool. Then they had a spell of service at Rangoon, fought with the army of Ava, captured Basseim and Pegu, and then came the Mutiny.

Neill, their Colonel, wanted to get on to Benares to check the Mutineers. The stationmaster refused to keep the train waiting till the full force of the Fusiliers arrived. Neill ordered two of them to cover the guard and the drivers with their guns, and to shoot them on the spot if they dared to stir until the regiment had come. During the Mutiny the Fusiliers were everywhere. Fifteen of them were lured into a deathtrap by Nana Sahib. They were especially mentioned by Havelock for their conduct at the battle of Futtehpoore; they relieved Wheeler at Cawnpore. The floor of the room where the English women had been killed was still two inches deep in blood when their countrymen marched in, and little baby-shoes were floating in the blood. The Dublin Fusiliers were among those who wept, with bursting sobs, at the awful sight; they were among those who avenged it. The high-caste native of India believes that if he touches blood his soul is lost to all eternity. Neill, the Colonel of the Fusiliers, now made Brigadier-General,

ere he blew the black scoundrels from the guns, made them wipe up the blood of the women and children they had slaughtered !

It was at this time that the Fusiliers gained their nickname of "Blue-Caps." A despatch of Nana Sahib was intercepted, in which he referred to "those blue-capped English soldiers that fight like devils." The name soon stuck. At the siege of Lucknow the bridge of Char Bagh was raked by four guns, and defended on the flanks by four others. "Who is to carry it?" said Outram. "My Blue-Caps," said Havelock. And they carried it. Before that, at Mungurwar, Sergeant Mahoney of the Fusiliers,—have you noticed, by the bye, how often Irish Roman Catholic names occur in the annals of this regiment?—at Glencoe, the other day, the list of killed and wounded was full of

O'Rourkes and Donellys,
O'Briens, O'Kellys,
Fitzpathricks, and good fellows all, *wirrasthoo!*
Fitzpathricks and good fellows all.

Well, at Mungurwar, Mahoney of the Fusiliers captured, by his own single and desperate endeavour, the flag of the 1st Bengal Regiment of Mutineers. No wonder that Neill adored the men he led. And

they adored him. A wild yell of rage and despair went up from their ranks when he fell dead from his horse in the streets of Lucknow. You may see almost any day in Pall Mall the officer who lifted his dead body and took it along with him on the carriage of his gun. It was General Sir William Olpherts, V.C., K.C.B., "Hell-Fire Jack" of the Indian Mutiny, the chief of that band of Lucknow veterans whose loyal motto is *Donec mors nos separaverit*.

The 2nd battalion of the Dublin Fusiliers consists of the old Bombay Fusiliers, raised in 1660 to protect the "Island of Bombay," which Catharine of Braganza brought as part of her dowry to Charles II. of England. Its record is practically the same as that of the 1st battalion.

All kinds of good stories — humorous, thrilling, and pathetic — cluster round the annals of the old Bombay Fusiliers. At one of their terrible sieges — it was Seringapatam, so far as I remember — a Sergeant of the Fusiliers named Grahame mounted a breach in the ramparts, and, amid a perfect hail of bullets from the defenders, planted the colours of the regiment. But still he was not satisfied. "Hang 'em!" he cried, "I'll show 'em what a British

soldier can do!" He leapt to the very summit of the rampart, and stood there with the colours in his hand, heartening on his followers, who were still clambering up the piles of débris beneath him. He had been promised a commission if he succeeded in his terrible adventure. "Here's to Lieutenant Grahame!" he cried. Scarce had the words left his lips when he fell dead, with a bullet through his heart.

Then there is that other great story which recalls a touching incident that happened the other day in Natal. In one of the recent engagements, you may remember, Captain Paton, the son of Sir Noel Paton, was left wounded on the battlefield, and one of his privates crept to his side and lay all night with his arms round him in the beating rain, that warmth from his own body might keep the spark of life burning in the officer's. 'Tis a great story that, but an incident more touching still is related in the annals of the Dublin Fusiliers. Sixty or seventy years ago there were two foster-brothers in the regiment,—Connaught men they were,—one of them a fair-haired young officer, the other a wild gossoon of a private. "Ye'll be looking after Terence!" the "ould leddy at the Castle"

had said to Pat Murphy appealingly, when the two boys left Slieve-Annah for the wars. "Sure and I will!" said Pat. Well, ere three years were over they were both of them wounded almost to the death on a mountain battlefield in India. When they were found on the following morning the officer was living, the private was dead. And yet of the two he was the less seriously wounded. But he had stripped himself of all his clothing, and heaped it above his unconscious master, in order to guard that feeble remnant of life from the bitter frost of the mountain-side.

FIVE GREAT REGIMENTS.

FEW regiments have a record so distinguished as the 5th Dragoon Guards, now under service in South Africa. Raised by the Earl of Shrewsbury to support King James against "King Monmouth" at the battle of Sedgmoor, they nevertheless refused to support the tyrant in his later aggressions, and rendered signal service to King William at the battle of the Boyne. They lay before Namur in the terrible siege which resulted in its capture by the British arms; and, later, they won glory for Marlborough on the no less terrible day of Blenheim. In Parker's "Memoirs" there is quoted an admirable repartee of the great Duke to Marshal Tallard, the captive leader of the French Army. On the Sunday following the victory the British Army deployed after divine service to fire a *feu-de-joie* in honour of its great success. Tallard and the other officers who had been taken prisoners in the battle

were invited to ride out to see the army fire, which at last they consented to do, though very reluctantly. When the firing was over, Marlborough asked Tallard how he liked the army. "Oh, well enough," said the other, with a shrug of pretended contempt; "but the troops they defeated—why, those are the best soldiers in the world." "*And if that be so,*" said Marlborough slowly, "*what will the world think of the fellows that thrashed them?*"

At Neer-Hespen the 5th Dragoons saved Marlborough's life when he was being suddenly cut off from his own troops, routed the famous Grenadiers of Bavaria, rode down two battalions of infantry, and captured four of the enemy's standards. "Never men fought better," said the Duke, and in his public despatch he uttered this splendid eulogy: "They acquitted themselves with a bravery surpassing all that could have been hoped—*even of them!*" In the history of the 5th Dragoons the next great names are those of "Blenheim," "Malplaquet," and "Oudenarde." But they were engaged in scores of minor engagements, any one of which would bring glory to an army at the present time, though most of them are almost forgotten in the world-resound-

ing fame of Marlborough's greater achievements. Antwerp, Dendermond, Lisle, Wynendale, the Scheldt, Tournay, Douay, Bethune, Aire, St. Venant—these are but a few of the places where the 5th Dragoons marched and fought and leaguered and stormed their pathway to fame. Ninety years later they were at Tournay again—a part of the all too slender army which held in check the armed hordes which the French were hurling into Holland. Then, after a turn of service in Ireland, they arrived in Spain in time to cover the siege of Badajoz and win the battle of Llerena.

But their great chance came at Salamanca—a chance like that of the Gordons at Dargai, or that of the 21st Lancers at the battle of Omdurman. The story of their great charge lends one of its most thrilling pages to Sir William Napier's history of the war. Together with the 3rd and 4th Dragoons they broke through three strong columns of the French Army, *one after the other*—and that although they were being raked all the time by a withering fire. They annihilated one thousand two hundred men, and took two thousand prisoners of war. Since that day the proud word "Salamanca" glitters foremost on

the colours of the 5th Dragoons; and the staff which their Trumpet-Major carries at all parades is the staff of the 66th French Regiment of the Line, which they smote into nothing on the field. At Vittoria and Toulouse they nobly sustained the reputation which they gained on the day of Salamanca; and since then, in every corner of the world, they have never failed to justify their proud motto—*Vestigia nulla retrorsum*.

Another most famous regiment now in South Africa is the Border Regiment, which comprises the old 34th and 55th Foot. This regiment is especially interesting to the student of letters because of its literary associations. In 1702 Louis XIV. of France, by skilful engineering, succeeded in placing his grandson, Philip, Duke of Anjou, on the throne of Spain. This union of two great monarchies (as France and Spain then were) was a direct menace to the rest of Europe, and, above all, to Great Britain. Consequently an army was raised to take the field under the great Duke of Marlborough. New regiments were required, and Colonel Lord Lucas raised the 34th Foot, now the 1st battalion of the Border Regiment. One of Lord Lucas's Captains was "Richard Steele, gent.,"

afterwards Sir Richard, the famous essayist and friend of Addison. Scanning the list of officers thirteen years later, you see among the Ensigns the name of Roger Sterne, the father of the author of *Tristram Shandy*. Laurence Sterne accompanied the 34th Foot to many a garrison town, and it was in the bustling and various life which he was forced to lead as a boy that he found the rich material of his future work. Thus the Border Regiment, among its other titles to fame, may lay claim to Uncle Toby and to Corporal Trim. Thirty years later, when the battle of Fontenoy was lost through the Dutch failing to second the attack of their English allies, the 34th was part of the stubborn rearguard which kept the advancing French doggedly at bay till retreat was secured. "Francie Macraw, Francie Macraw!" cried Edie Ochiltree; "dinna ye mind Fontenoy, and '*Keep thegither front and rear!*'" "*Keep thegither front and rear!*"—that was the cry among the privates as they closed up their ranks and withstood the onset of the enemy. There is yet another interesting literary association connected with the Border Regiment. The veteran soldier of Burns's "Jolly Beggars" was with the 34th Foot in the West

Indies "when the Moro low was laid at the sound of the drum."

But we have anticipated. Ere Fontenoy the Border Regiment had fought its way through Spain, under the dare-devil Earl of Peterborough; had besieged Barcelona, Douay, Bethune, Aire, St. Venant, and Bouchain; and had helped to defend Gibraltar in the terrible siege of 1727. Ere its prime of glory in the Peninsular War it had also fought in Minorca, in the West Indies, and in North America. But it was under Wellington that it gained its terrible renown. The great names of "Albuhera," "Arroyo del Molinos," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nivelle," "Orthes," "Nive," "Peninsula," soon glittered on the colours of the Border Regiment; and to these it has since added the names, no less great, of "Alma," "Inkerman," "Sevastopol," and "Lucknow." At Arroyo del Molinos the English 34th captured the brass drums of the French 34th; and the rousing tattoo now heard by the Boers comes from drums that were gained on a battlefield of Spain.

The 9th Lancers, who are also in South Africa now, though they fought all through the Peninsula, had not the luck to be engaged on the great battle-

fields where the Border Regiment won its glory. 'Tis true, they were well to the front at the siege of Badajoz, and gained no little credit in the short affair at Arroyo. But their chief work—and most useful work it was—lay in daring minor actions subservient to the main design of Wellington's great campaign. Such were Merida, Polomor, Ribera, Acaña, and Alba de Torres. But if Spain did not present them with the opportunity of great battlefields, India made good their opportunity. Few regiments in any army can show names upon their colours more significant than "Punniar," "Sobraon," "Punjaub," "Chillianwallah," "Goojerat," "Delhi," "Lucknow," "Charasiab," "Kabul," "Kandahar," and "Afghanistan."

Another regiment which rendered signal service in the Peninsular War, without having the luck to be just on the spot when there arose some glorious and terrible occasion, is the 18th Hussars—who were engaged in the defence of Ladysmith. Curiously enough, Ladysmith derives its name from a lovely Spanish lady who, having sought refuge with Wellington's forces, fell in love with and married a young English officer called Harry Smith. This officer rose to be Sir Harry Smith, the veteran

South African warrior and statesman, who defeated the Boers at the battle of Boomplat. When the town of Ladysmith was founded, it received its present name as a compliment to the Spanish lady, the wife of the distinguished General. That is a curious link in the past between the battlefields of Spain and the present battlefields of South Africa. For their services under Wellington the 18th Hussars are privileged to bear on their colours the words "Peninsula" and "Waterloo": at the latter battle they delivered a most daring and effective charge. Their motto is *Pro rege, pro lege, pro patria conamur*—"We fight for our Sovereign, our country, and our laws"—a motto, it may be remarked, which is especially applicable to their present endeavours in South Africa.

The Liverpool Regiment, which is also in South Africa, was raised, like the 5th Dragoons, to support King James against the invasion of his nephew Monmouth. None the less, it was largely owing to the patriotic conduct of its officers that James, only three years later, was driven from his kingdom. It may be remembered that one of the tricks by which James endeavoured to abet his tyranny was to foist Roman Catholic officers upon English

regiments, a proceeding which was then contrary to law. He tried to do this with the Liverpool Regiment, or the Princess of Denmark's, as it was then called. But the Colonel, supported by five of his officers, refused to admit Roman Catholics to the privileges of the regiment, and drew up a memorandum of protest. James ordered his natural son, the Duke of Berwick, to proceed to Portsmouth, then the headquarters of the regiment, and arrest the offending officers. Immediately the whole country was in an uproar; the officers had acted within their rights, whereas James had gone beyond his. Ballads in honour of the "six Portsmouth captains," as they were called, were sung in every town in England. And so, before the officers could be punished, James was fleeing from his kingdom. It was only natural that the regiment should distinguish itself at the Boyne after its stout defence of liberty at Portsmouth. But it was in the Netherlands that it accomplished its first great feat of war. Its leader was Lord Cutts, nicknamed the Salamander, because where the fire was hottest there Cutts was always in his element. He ordered them to take the fortress of Venloo. It was the worst of strategy—Cutts,

though the bravest of the brave, had no head for command—but, as so often in English military history, bad strategy led to magnificent soldiership. Venloo was splendidly fortified and strongly held. “’Tis impossible to take it,” cried an eye-witness. Cutts answered by taking it. Over bastion, *fausse braye*, and *raveline*—over trench, *glacis*, and *escarpment*, he led his dare-devils; the ditches were heaped with the dead till the living walked over them—and the hunted enemy ran upon the farther side. After such a feat it does not surprise us to hear that the regiment was soon privileged to bear upon its colours the names of the four bloodiest days in the history of war—“Blenheim,” “Ramillies,” “Malplaquet,” and “Oudenarde.” Beside these now glitter the names of “Dettingen,” “Martinique,” “Niagara,” “Delhi,” “Lucknow,” “Peiwar Kotal,” “Afghanistan,” and “Egypt.”

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